For Number of this number

JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 59. SATURDAY, JULY 20th, 1907. ONE PENNY.

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No. 049851

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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IN THE FUTURE

there may be many new diseases, doctors say, but it is certain that there will be the old familiar maladies—what are sometimes called light ailments, but which cause heavy discomfort, and often real suffering, as those who are bilious and depressed know only too well. It is equally certain that people who, from stress of modern conditions, long hours, hasty meals, and so on, get out of sorts, and run down generally, will, in the future,

AS IN THE PAST

know exactly where to go for the safe and congenial remedy to make them all right again. Few of us can do without occasional medicine, even the healthiest; indeed, there is no way of keeping well except by assisting Nature now and then, and taking a medicine which all can resort to with perfect confidence in its ability to do just what we require it to do. That medicine is, of course, as every one has known for **60** years and more,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

the household remedy of two hemispheres. These pills have helped generations to a sound digestion, and consequently to a cheerful outlook on Life. That is what they are made for. Our grandfathers swore by them; they cured our parents; they have helped us to good health, and they will help our children and their children. Faithful to many thousands during many years, they remain the true cure now for the many ills arising from a disturbed stomach, and they

Will be True to the Last.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills), and 2/9 (168 pills).

Flannel Suits

For Summer Wear the Flannel Suit is not only the Easiest but the Healthiest garment—and when cut and made rightly it cannot be counted as lacking in smartness.

It is to some extent true to say that a Flannel Suit is apt to lose its shape more readily than one of firmer material, but Mr. Bult is able to prove that, by the giving of special care to the shaping and making, a garment can be produced which will be as comfortable as can be desired, but which will always bear in its shape the mark of high-class workmanship.

The Flannels which Mr. Bult has stocked for this season's wear are particularly choice and of great variety. Most fashionable, and specially recommended, are those on the light side—the colour of which is generally called Grey, although in many cases the Grey is of a Light Green tone.

Patterns and Price List (Illustrated by Actual Photographs) will be sent Post Free on application. It should be stated for which garment the patterns are required.

John J. M. Bult

140 FENCHURCH ST LONDON E.C. Est. 1851 Tailor

WES

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.

DELICIOUS

MAZAWATTEE TEA

GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

NAME and FAME WORLD-WIDE.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. III. No. 59. Saturday, July 20th, 1907. One Penny.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2 (doors open, 1.40).
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

BIRKBECK BANK.
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

WHY PAY RENT?
The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment
DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME
and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free. GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.
4, Paul-st., Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Unique Non-Lottery Scheme for Increasing the Sale of "John Bull."

RESULT OF FIRST BALLOT.

Fifty Pounds Waiting for Holders of Certain Copies of our Issue of June 15th.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn by ballot, and to the holders of each of such numbers we pay the sum of £5, *in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our sales.* Every reader has ample opportunities, without interference with his present occupation, of getting us new subscribers; and our object is to have ten readers each week specially engaged in pushing our circulation.

The scheme is in no sense a lottery. The £5 is paid in return for a week's assistance. We desire to further increase our sales, and prefer canvassers who are already readers to strangers.

The first drawing took place on Saturday last, and the ten numbers drawn are announced below. They relate to our issue of June 15th. In future, a drawing will take place every Saturday, the drawn numbers being announced in the following week's issue of the paper. It will thus be seen that the numbers in respect of this week's issue will be declared in our issue of August 24th, published on August 22nd.

NEXT WEEK'S LIST OF NUMBERS WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 22ND.

RESULT OF BALLOT.

THE DRAWING OF THE FIRST TEN NUMBERS.

As announced above, the first drawing (in respect of our issue of June 15th) took place on Saturday last. We endeavoured to obtain the attendance of a well-known notary, but it was pointed out to us by that gentleman that under a recent rule of the Institute of Public Notaries it was not competent for him to give a certificate. The drawing, therefore, was conducted by the Editor, in the presence of the Assistant Editor, and the Managing Director of Messrs. Odhams Limited, our printers. In future, to avoid possibility of any complaint, we shall be pleased to notify the place and time of each drawing to any reader who may desire to be present, *provided he intimates such desire to us not later than Thursday morning's post.*

Before announcing the drawn numbers, we give the following certificate furnished by our printers:—

93-4, Long Acre, W.C.
13th July, 1907.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we placed in boxes a series of numbers corresponding to those appearing on the covers of the issue of JOHN BULL for June 15th last, and that we handed such boxes to the Editor of JOHN BULL, who, in our presence, proceeded to draw ten numbers therefrom.

ODHAMS, LIMITED,
J. S. ELIAS,
Director and General Manager.

The following are the ten numbers drawn:—

83,707	15,489
36,232	58,562
6,275	69,059
31,737	34,358
52,006	75,397

To the holder of each of these numbers we will, upon production by him or her of a sufficient portion of the cover of our issue of JUNE 15TH to identify such issue, pay the sum of

FIVE POUNDS,

in return for his or her using his or her best endeavours for one week to obtain us new readers.

ALL CLAIMS MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN FIRST POST ON MONDAY, JULY 22ND. The decision of the Editor upon any point of dispute is to be absolutely final.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our exposure of the Public Trustee scandal has aroused very widespread interest, both in Parliament and the Press. We are daily receiving letters from all parts of the country approving of the course we are adopting in regard to this remarkable job—and we shall refer further to the matter in our next issue. In the meantime, we commend to the attention of our readers the lesson so eloquently conveyed by our artist in this week's cartoon.

It is good to have the assurance of Mr. Asquith that the slump in securities has touched bottom, and that things are again on the rise. But one straw hat doesn't make a summer, and one speech does not make a boom, and there is still no joy in the markets. The speculator thinks the time is not yet. The investor is not yet convinced that good goods won't go lower, and so he keeps an eye on the financial barometer, wonders what things are coming to and when they will mend, and turns away, Asquith or no Asquith. Hope beats eternal in the human chest, however, and one of these fine mornings—we are really having some fine mornings now—we shall all awaken to find the men in the Stock Exchange are wearing the smile that won't come off.

It has, of course, been no secret among those familiar with the undercurrents of Parliamentary life that the days of Mr. Keir Hardie as leader of the Socialist party in the House were swiftly closing. Indeed, we gave a distinct intimation to this effect a short time ago. Therefore his announcement that he will not seek re-election as chairman of the party next session comes as no surprise. Even if he placed himself in nomination, he would not be elected. Mr. Hardie has never been remarkable for the soundness of his judgments as a Parliamentary "boss," and notoriously he and some of the stronger, abler and more popular new men of his party do not love each other quite like brothers, appearances on the surface notwithstanding. He has not the necessary qualities of leadership. In Mr. Shackleton the party will have a safer, more level-headed leader. A bit "narrow" on some subjects, he is, withal, a good chap, and we wish him luck.

According to the report of the Inspector of Factories, thread manufacturers in England employ large numbers of girls to stick labels on reels, skeins, and balls by licking them. It seems that some of the little girls employed in this way lick as many as thirty gross of labels each a day, and some lick more. "The tongues of most of them had the polished tip characteristic of label lickers, and the rest of the tongue was coated with the brown gum." The employment is not that which we can highly recommend. It seems to be monotonous, lacking variety, and indubitably sticky, and pressure should be put on the manufacturers to find a more cleanly and more healthy method of affixing labels on their wares.

When the Rev. R. J. Campbell leaves his pulpit and flings himself into the hurly-burly of politics, would he mind obliging by keeping to the facts? The other night he got up at a meeting of men held in the Kensington Town Hall in favour of votes for women, and stated that "it was an object-lesson when they found that a Liberal Government had been compelled to put the daughter of Richard Cobden in prison for demanding justice to her sex." That statement is irreligiously inaccurate. The Liberal Government had no more to do with putting Mrs. Cobden Sanderson in prison than they had in inspiring Mr. Campbell to the New Theology. The lady unfortunately made a row in the street, or assembled to create a nuisance, or obstructed a policeman in the execution of his duty, or something of that kind. She was gathered in like any other lady who goes an illegal way about her business would have been, and being fined by the magistrate and refusing to pay the fine, she was sent to prison in default, and made more fuss when she got there than anybody else. Why a lady who wants to get run in and sent to prison should complain because she is obliged by the police and magistrate is beyond our understanding.

The death of Sir Alfred Billson in the House of Commons will be regretted by the many friends he had there. It was only the other day that he got his Knighthood for his services as a good party man. He won North-West Staffordshire for the Liberals from Sir James Heath at the last election, securing a majority of 2,100 votes. The bye-election now inevitable will be the first one of real significance as a mark in the political barometer. The constituency is largely an industrial one. At the time of the General Election it was almost a Tory preserve, for Sir James Heath had held it by majorities ranging from 232 to 1,200. Always supposing that there is a straight fight, and that the Irish and the Socialists keep out of the field, the result will show whether, in the opinion of a typical working class constituency, the Liberal Government has done the best possible or has disappointed its supporters. It goes without saying that the Tory Protectionist will have in North-West Staffordshire as good a chance of getting a run for his money as he will get anywhere, if not by flogging a dead horse, at all events by dangling thistles before the eyes of a living ass.

Apparently Shanghai, apart from its unapproachable capacity for lying, is not a desirable place to live at. The other day a baker there was charged with selling a cake containing centipedes, cockroaches, and a beetle, and probably more animals would have crowded into the ark if they had known of it. True, the dealer explained that he had prepared the cake for himself as medicine, and that his assistant had sold it by mistake, but one feels that there is more in Ah Sin's bakery than meets the eye. Once in a while, even in London, we hear of beetles in the bread, mice in the beer bottle, and hair in the soup; but in a town where the baker confuses cockroaches, centipedes, and beetles with medicinal products, there is obviously a grave danger. In any case that baker should have been made to take the medicine which had been prepared for him.

A section of the yellow press in England have already begun to head their American news "War Clouds," and more lurid headlines may follow. Of course, there will be no war between Japan and America. The whole sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon world would be against it, and the sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon world goes a long way in Tokio just now. A war between Japan and America would be the death-blow of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Japan could not fight cousin Jonathan without parting company with us. Surely a mere matter of school children can be settled on common-sense lines between the two countries without so much as a thought, leaving out all question of a hint of war, and this is spite of the fact that since she has been a world-power Japan has become keenly sensitive, while America was always apt to be touchy and spread-eaglified. The two countries are much more likely to shake hands than to quarrel.

Not yet has the motor-'bus exhausted the limits of its earthly possibilities. A few evenings ago one of these smellifluous lumps of animated ironmongery collided with an electric standard, demolished it utterly, brought itself to wreck and ruin, and plunged the whole of Regent Street in darkness. By the operation of one of those miracles which occasionally happen, the

passengers in the 'bus escaped both the cemetery and the hospital. Not long ago another 'bus boldly climbed through a shop window in the same street, and if one of them would now kindly upset the Nelson monument, the War Office might be induced seriously to consider their claims to regular employment as an engine of war. Meanwhile, they constitute one of the horrors of peace.

It was surely unwise of Mr. Asquith to use the party machine to break the pledges of the 150 odd members who had undertaken to repeal the sugar tax. If he had even promised repeal next year or the year after he would have saved their faces. Instead of this, he cynically presented the alternatives of turning out the Government or ignoring a solemn undertaking. No doubt, from his point of view, an adverse vote would have been deplorable. But he will do well to remember that, from the party point of view, a deliberate breach of faith is quite as bad, if not worse. All the taunts of Mr. F. E. Smith were perfectly justified, and it will henceforth be very difficult for Liberal candidates to obtain credence for the promises they may make upon the hustings. Voters will understand that all promises are subject to qualification by party whips. The truth is that democracy is incompatible with the existence of a party machine.

Sir Edward Grey displayed common sense when he poured cold water upon the busybodies who came clamouring for interference in Macedonia. The Macedonian hysteria is just as foolish as the Armenian, about which we have happily heard little of late. The Turks, of course, are not very successful administrators, but they are more successful in Macedonia than anywhere else, chiefly because they are so jealously watched by the Powers. Their rule is a very mild one; they do not impose heavy taxes; and they exempt Christians from conscription. All the fighting and massacres and outrages are committed by bands of so-called Christians, the worst offenders being Bulgarians. If the Turks were given a free hand, they would soon restore order. But if they tried to restore order, they would at once be hauled over the coals by the enthusiasts of Exeter Hall. Indeed, the self-constituted friends of Macedonia are her worst enemies.

That is an ambitious photographer who has risen in New York, where all the most remarkable people come from. He is Mr. Henry Price, Professor of Music at Mount Vernon, and he has addressed invitations to a dozen men of science, requesting them to witness his experiments and record on a stop-watch the time occupied by the soul in quitting the human frame. That a photograph of a soul would be interesting nobody doubts. Some months ago a Boston authority succeeded in weighing one. If, therefore, we could only get a record of its shape and size and general appearance, the Great Question would be settled once and for all. Certainly, if Boston can weigh it, New York should be able to photograph it, though on what part of the subject the camera lens is to be focussed will probably be a little difficult to determine. A Frenchman once located the soul in the backbone; but for the guidance of Mr. Price we may say that it is usually supposed to escape with the breath. In case of his success, it will afford us great pleasure to recommend him for the Photographic Society's gold medal: He shall also have one of our world-renowned biscuits.

We believe there is no truth in the rumour that the London Education Committee intend to set up in their schools spirometers in order to test the scholars' lungs, or punch ball machines in order that they may ascertain the force with which they are able to hit. The Committee have, however, put up for experiment a machine called an "Ergograph," with the object of testing the scholars' powers of endurance. "The child flexes one finger with a movable shoe in the machine," it appears, "and in doing so winds a weighted wire round a wheel. The weight moves over a graduated scale, and a record of each movement is taken by a revolving smoked drum." Each experiment averages three minutes, and is to be conducted under the supervision of the Council's Medical Officer. Somebody or other is always yearning to try experiments on national school children, but why a public authority like the London Education Committee should encourage them passes our comprehension. Why don't the Committee flex their own fingers with a movable shoe in the machine, or take the machine home and plant it in their own nurseries along with the rocking-horse and the cradle? A child goes to school to acquire knowledge, not to have his fingers flexed either with a movable shoe or even a movable boot, and most people will be amazed that the Committee does not seem to realise the fact.

Good old Judge Willis! Read this:—

> Judge Willis, K.C., at Southwark County Court, was appealed to by a weeping woman to save her husband from prison. A committal order, she said, had been made against the man at the instance of a money-lender, but her husband was ill and out of work. She had six children and paid 8s. a week rent. Towards the amount of 4s. required to satisfy the bailiff she had scraped together 2s. The Judge ordered that the committal order should not be enforced, gave the woman 2s. to make up the amount of the debt, and further handed her some money with which to buy food for her husband and children.

Thank heaven the humanities are not quite extinct on the Bench. We commend the case to Sir Charles Skelton, of Sheffield—the old dog!

What a pity Mr. Balfour does not read the papers! Here is an extract from Mr. Gibson Bowles' speech at King's Lynn which might be interesting to the great leader of the Unionist party:

> "No sooner did Mr. Balfour succeed his uncle in the Government than he immediately proceeded to destroy it. He got rid of all the Ministers of ability, until at last he was left with himself the most eminent, and the next most eminent, Mr. Austen Chamberlain.
>
> "In politics, as in other things, you must have at least the courage of a mouse, the principles of a decent horse-coper, who, although he sold you a spavined hack, did not give you your change in bad half-crowns; at least the prudence of an ostrich, who always hides, at any rate, one end of himself in the sand.
>
> "But to be a mouse that tries to get into two holes at once, to be a horse-coper who has not a good half-crown in his pocket, and an ostrich who hides neither end of himself, that was to be a triumph in the way of a political leader such as has never before been known. The result was that the people resented the conduct of the man who told each side of his party he was with them in order to deceive both.
>
> "The Tory party would never come back into power while they retained this unfortunate person as their leader."

We should much like the views of Mr. Bowles, junior, M.P., on the subject.

Things one would express differently. The *Evening News* has the heading: "Spain Rejoices. Anniversary of the Calle Mayor Outrage Celebrated in Madrid." Probably the widows of the soldiers who were killed on the Royal wedding-day may have a different opinion of the "rejoicing."

The dawning of a broader spirit on public question in the capital of Scotland, to which we recently referred has just been evidenced by a remarkable discussion in the City Council. We rub our eyes and ask "Stands Scotland where it did"? On a vacancy occurring in the chaplaincy of the City Hospital the Public Health Committee actually recommended "that no chaplain be appointed and that no provision be made for any payment for a clergyman's services." Hearken unto

this in Sabbatarian, Sunday closing, strictly religious Edinburgh:

> Bailie Clark said that if they could do without a chaplain, for God's sake let them not appoint one. He had had considerable experience of them in two public institutions. The most unsatisfactory departments were those of the clergymen there. They were constantly stirring up mischief and discontent.

To anyone acquainted with the social and theological atmosphere of "Auld Reekie," wittily described by the Rev. John M'Neill as an "East-windy West-Endy place," the above discussion is simply, in the favourite words of Dominie Sampson of immortal memory, "p-r-o-d-e-e-g-i-o-u-s!"

Eight hundred thousand children thrown out upon the streets! This is the practical meaning of the "holiday" when the schools close for five weeks in the middle of this month. Such a fact should open our hearts towards the agencies that send the youngsters to the country or seaside for a week, at least, of genuine change—foremost amongst which is the F.A.F. It may be said that if the working classes were not improvident they could afford to do this themselves. But that is beside the question. Why penalise the children?

While we are moving in this country to reform the law of divorce, there has just come into operation in France an epoch-making measure with the title *Loi pour faciliter le mariage*. Briefly stated, this new departure removes the necessity of obtaining the parents' consent, and provides for the separation of the wife's property from the husband's. Some people thought the Code Napoleon was the most perfect of systems of jurisprudence: but there is no Married Women's Property Act in France, and the bar of the parents' consent was felt in many cases to conspire against morality. It is curious to note that the change has been brought about chiefly through the efforts of a priest, the Abbé Lémire, who is one of the two clerics sitting in the Chamber of Deputies. Will there now be a great rush in la belle France to enter that state described by one of the old writers as that "into which those who are out wish to get in, and those who are in wish to get out"? But this is only the first stone which the Marriage Reform Committee has cast into the mill-pond of French prejudice and traditions, the goal of the reformers being "two free individuals in an elastic union." Anything which will give an impetus to the reforms desired in the English system should be welcomed. But we draw the line at the "elastic."

We are almost afraid to raise a question which is likely to bring a hornets' nest about our ears, but we will risk it. A glance at the enormous expense entailed for coroners' inquests leads us to ask if a great saving could not be effected in relief of the rates, not only in London, but all over the country by the abolition of these antiquated and slip-shod courts? Now, the fat is in the fire. Let it fizzle.

A correspondent, referring to our comments in a recent issue as to what constitutes drunkenness, recalls the famous dictum of the bluff Lord Althorp when placing the bearings of the liquor problem fairly before the House of Commons: "Gentlemen, the cause of drunkenness is drink." For simplicity of statement that assertion stands unequalled. At the same time, we have seen a person drunk from the effects of a raw Spanish onion.

All criticism of Mr. Chamberlain has been silenced by his illness. Even his bitterest opponents of the past vie with one another in expressions of sympathy. Now he celebrates his birthday by delivering what Lord Northcliffe calls a "vigorous attack on the Government." This does not seem very gracious—but perhaps the letter was really written by somebody else.

Poor Hunnable does not appear to have been even so successful on the boards as on the hustings. Election eggs and bags of flour and promiscuous hustling were probably more exhilarating than the chill sneers of a Cockney gallery. Perhaps the reason was that the gallery had paid to come in. Anyhow, the gallery was justified in proposing Colney Hatch as an alternative to Colne Valley. But he is not the only comic candidate.

Among the vagaries of the law, one of the most surprising is that an English lady who marries a foreigner may obtain a judicial separation in the English courts, but not a divorce. So far, Baroness Eckhardstein is to be commiserated. But we think her husband has a grievance against the people who jeered at him in court and hissed and hustled him outside, ere ever a verdict had been pronounced. A newspaper may not comment *pendente lite*, but apparently a crowd may demonstrate. The baron should have been spared such insults, for he showed pluck in facing the music.

Mr. John Burns has decided that the thrilling question "What is Whisky?" shall be settled by a Royal Commission, so that in the course of the next few years, if not sooner, it seems probable that the war between the pot still and the patent still will reach its Waterloo. The names of the Commissioners are not at present announced. Naturally men who do not take the more inspiring beverages will find no place among them. The connoisseurs must necessarily be experts in spirituous refreshment. They should be able to distinguish Scotch from Irish, patent still from pot still, railway station whisky from theatre whisky, and twopenny tots from threepenny nips. On these and other subtle distinctions we believe Mr. Burns himself is not, and does not profess to be, an authority, but he will doubtless take strict account in others of what he lacks in himself.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 315.

For stating that the Archdeacon of London "a month ago" rescued a wounded pigeon and "after tending it carefully for two months" restored it to its former condition,

THE *DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 316.

For stating that if those present at the meeting of the Hampstead Patriotic Society "'did not join the movement, the British Empire could not possibly endure,"

LORD MEATH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 317.

For publishing, without the word "advt." at the end of it, a statement by an outside firm of stockbrokers with the heading "£5 can produce £100 without gambling or risk,"

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 318.

For scoring one run in its first innings in a recent cricket match,

THE NORDELPH CRICKET TEAM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 319.

For kissing a thousand babies at a picnic to controvert the physicians who declare that the kissing of babies is a dangerous practice,

MR. BEALL, MAYOR OF ALTON, ILLINOIS,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

NEIGHBOURS.

BY "RITA."

Even the best-tempered and most unaggressive of mortals finds something trying in the close proximity of officious strangers.

That much-abused word "neighbours," as applied to occupants of an adjoining domicile, does not necessarily imply its further definition of "neighbourliness"; the social or familiar intimacy born of such proximity. The ordinary human being does *not* love his neighbour as himself—at least, not his next-door neighbour. Far from it. He finds him, or her, an unmitigated nuisance; a spy on his actions, a censor of moral conduct, and a self-appointed critic of all he does, or leaves undone. If a consensus of opinions were taken with regard to neighbours, I feel sure the general verdict would be that they are undesirable. Most individuals would like to live in a severely detached manner and enjoy existence in an uncriticised fashion. Of course, in large towns this would be an impossibility, but, as compensation for promiscuous crowding, the town neighbour is less officiously interested in our doings than his prototype of suburb or country. To the provincial mind, its own business and its own method of living its blameless life is never half so interesting as the business of its next-door neighbour, and the methods of that individual in spending, or saving, his income.

In town, Smith, Jones, or Robinson are equally indifferent, or equally obnoxious, but placed next door in country or suburb, their affairs and themselves become of paramount importance.

The well-known adage as to "minding one's own business" is as good in its way as most proverbs, but it has the disadvantage of not expressing what is really meant. What the proverb should convey is, "Do not mind your neighbour's business as well as your own!" For that is where the trouble of "next door" comes in. Next door will persist in watching your gate and scrutinizing your windows. In noting how many servants you keep, and how they dress, and whether you allow them to ride a bicycle or have friends to see them. Next door has a way of accidentally overhearing your orders to the tradespeople, and is concerned at the rapidity with which your joints are consumed and your grocery orders repeated. Next door knows how many dozens of ale or wine or spirits are left with you, and gauges your housekeeping by the parsimony of its own. A change of dress is as extravagant as it is unbecoming when the eyes of "next door" are of elderly spinster type. And, judged by its code of ethics or morality, your usual conduct leaves much to be desired. It is "next door" who is largely responsible for that much-vexed problem, the servant question, the reason being that one's own and one's neighbour's servants will exchange opinions as to their respective mistresses. They compare the tyranny of the one with the laxity of the other. The happy-go-lucky management with the strict discipline of a system—and no servant ever yet took kindly to discipline unless tempered by high wages and weekly outings. In fact, considered as a next-door annoyance, the servant is quite as objectionable as the mistress. If we, on our side, hear of "next door's" faulty management, stinginess, bad temper, unpaid bills, and various other unimportant trifles, we have also the satisfaction of knowing that "next door" will hear exactly the same sort of thing about *us*. But this would not be a very serious inconvenience to the possessing of neighbours, if only we were not on speaking terms. It is after the inevitable call, and the assumed friendliness of new acquaintanceship that drawbacks proclaim themselves. To next door *our* house, *our* hall, *our* drawing-room, are merely objects of criticism. The family likeness of English architecture leaves anything in the way of decorations to individual taste. Woe betide Mrs. Robinson if she possesses that taste and Mrs. Brown next door does not! At the first call of ceremony differences are observed, but not, as a rule, remarked. The "first call" of the British matron boasts of an etiquette dating back to the Glacial Period; but when the ice has once been broken and a certain familiarity established, criticism follows as a natural result. It is then quite permissible for Mrs. Brown to compare Mrs. Robinson's house with her own. To remark, with surprise, that the former lady has arranged her hall or her drawing-room in a different style. To wonder casually if art muslin *does* wear as well as Nottingham lace, and if a piano really sounds better when it stands out from the wall instead of against it?

Now these are all small and insignificant matters, and harm nobody concerned. But it is the surrounding neighbourhood of the unconcerned who get to know that Mrs. Robinson is pretentious, that her taste is odious, and that the arrangement of her drawing-room is as faulty as her housekeeping. That her tea is made in the kitchen and her cakes bought at a confectioner's. That her "plate" is only electro, and her china of some hideous design made artistic only by extreme old age. All this gets about when particulars of that "first" call are retailed by Mrs. Brown. Poor Mrs. Robinson sails gaily along the current of neighbourliness quite unconscious that she is discussed and criticised as a new topic of interest. Perhaps she is inclined to be friendly with next door, and invite it to small social gatherings. Perhaps she is kindly disposed towards the Miss Browns, who are "getting on" in years and assuming the vinegary attitude of unappropriated spinsterhood. Perhaps she is unwise enough to advise them as to colours, or styles, or hair-dressing. Let her be quite sure that such overtures end only in what Whistler terms "the gentle art of making enemies." If there is one person on the face of the earth of whom the unappropriated spinster disapproves it is the young married woman. (I am supposing Mrs. Robinson is young.) Her hats, her gowns, her hair, her manners, her methods, and herself, all come in for scathing criticism—the sort of criticism that ends up with, "Well, what any man could see in *her*——" Therefore, it happens that Mrs. Robinson's overtures are not well received, and that the Miss Browns are only glacially communicative respecting their *own* tastes and their own ideas of what is suitable. Nothing is so productive of feminine animosity as feminine advice. A female thief would steal your purse without your leave, but she would not *take* your advice—however valuable—if you offered it.

Strictly speaking, there is only one method of preserving peace with one's neighbour. It is by being consistently unfriendly. As a rule, we don't quarrel with people who live a long distance off, no matter how intimate we are with them. It is that sense of *espionage*, of intrusion, of living in a perpetual state of glass-house—and stone-throwing—which makes us resentful of neighbours. It is a very human trait to criticise those with whom we are forced to associate. If neighbours were not victims of the unwritten law which has decreed, "Those who are longest in residence shall first leave their card," much unneighbourly friction would be avoided. Impulses of curiosity generally tend to disappointment, and if we were not curious as to the status and condition of new arrivals we would only be on visiting terms with the next county. It is seldom with any desire of friendliness, or any impulse of friendship, that we make acquaintance with the unfortunate victims whose back door or back windows are so conveniently near our own! We are only curious about them, and eager to convey the results of such curiosity to the surrounding neighbourhood. Once that is done, they have served their purpose and may be passed on, or quarrelled with, or ignored, as seemeth best.

Yet, after all, what an empty world, what an uninteresting street, what an unlivable sort of country it would be without neighbours. No scandals, no gossip, no lies—white or black or neutral tinted. Absolute dull blankness tempered by our own perfections would face us on all sides. Only a misanthrope could contemplate such a state of existence—only a Timon of Athens survive it.

To "sum up the evidence of the whole matter," one's neighbour is an infliction of propinquity—and the extraordinary limits of the builder's art. He is rarely *neighbourly* in the sense of charity, goodwill, or helpfulness. Rarely a friend as our heart counts friendship, seeing that most excellent gift of life is the fruit of knowledge and understanding, of long years of intimacy and sympathetic interests.

Mankind is no general lover of mankind, save for purposes of use, or suppression. But as every individual would rather be the suppressor than the suppressed, trouble began, and has continued, wherever a community of intelligence has been gathered together. Thus it is that we could better face an enemy than submit to a neighbour's interference. That we bristle at the merest hint of Mrs. Robinson's superiority, but are amiably conscious of the commonplace equality of Mrs. Brown. "Let my neighbour be anything save better-off, better-dressed, or better-informed than myself," is the unspoken epilogue of next door to next door.

All the virtues of Christendom might be gathered together under that roof and behind that door, yet they would remain undiscovered simply because the social lens applied to them is too close to our own human imperfections for any dispassionate observation!

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

IN THE CITY.

MR. W. H. DICKEN.

Our readers will remember that we have had one or two references to this person in connection with the West London Tradesmen's Provident Society, and we continue to receive letters from correspondents who have been induced to join the Society. We think, therefore, it may be useful if we give some information respecting Mr. W. H. Dicken and his antecedents. A business firm write to us as follows:—

> We now enclose a few particulars regarding this person. We came in contact with him in the year 1905 over the Co-operative Sickness and Accident Association, Limited, and he let us in for a large sum of money. He also let in Messrs. Armitage and Ibbetson, a well-known firm of printers in Bradford. We got judgment and a winding-up order, but could not get any satisfaction, and have not to this day.
>
> Mr. Dicken's mode of procedure was as follows:—He appointed agents in districts with a salary that was contingent upon their prevailing with tradesmen in their several districts to take so many coupons, and also to invest money in the Association in debentures or shares. These insurance coupons were for the purpose of inducing customers of these several tradesmen to make purchases of goods up to a certain amount, and the coupons were then handed to them to form part of an insurance premium. We printed hundreds of thousands of these coupons from ½d. in value up to 20s.
>
> He then formed the Registered Societies Sickness Association at 13, Walbrook, where he carried on exactly the same kind of business. Mr. W. Handel Cannon, solicitor, of 16, Wool Exchange was, we believe, engaged in the formation of this Company. Mr. Dicken offered people employment and held out glowing prospects provided they would invest some money in this concern, and in every instance they did not get a penny back. He also let in all the firms with whom he did business. This Company was wound up, and now we understand he is pursuing a similar game with the West London Tradesmen's Provident Society, Limited.

Another business correspondent writes:—

> My first acquaintance with Mr. Dicken was at the offices of the Bond Investment Company of Thanet House, Strand, where he introduced himself as a "Business Doctor," saying that he was engaged in overhauling the business of that Company at a salary of £30 a week. He then mentioned to me that he proposed to form a Sickness and Accident Company, and suggested that I should undertake printing for that Company. I there also met Mr. Drummond Lloyd, who was introduced to me as the Chairman of the Bond Investment Company, and who it was stated at that time was to be Chairman of the proposed new Sickness and Accident Company. Within a short period offices were taken for this proposed Sickness and Accident Company at No. 3, Broad Street Buildings, and my firm were invited to tender for the printing they would require. We proceeded to execute the orders for printing that were placed with us, and when the value of these orders exceeded £100 Mr. —— called on Mr. Dicken and asked for a cheque on account. This was refused, and a statement was made that the terms given by me were one month's account to three months' credit. On certain representations the work that had been commenced was proceeded with, and a promise of payment was made within a month after the completion of the whole of our orders. Eventually the firm had to sue the Company for a debt the total of which was £450, and got judgment with costs. Failing to obtain payment of our judgment we filed a petition in Bankruptcy, and Mr. Dicken was examined by Mr. Burgess, the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy.
>
> We next hear of Mr. Dicken as the managing director of the Registered Societies Sickness Association at No. 13, Walbrook, and we understand that this was a business worked on something the same lines as the Co-operative Sickness and Accident Company. Mr. Dicken having the advantage of the knowledge of those whom he had induced to take part in the operations of the Sickness and Accident Company, persuaded them by his plausible statements to continue their interest in his new Company, and did not divulge to them the disastrous state of affairs which closed the Co-operative Sickness and Accident Company. Agents were appointed in this Company as in the "Co-operative" districts to canvass among tradesmen to take up policies and coupons of the Company. These canvassers were induced to take shares in this Company as an inducement for them to obtain the appointment. We know that several actions were taken against the Co-operative Sickness and Accident Association, and judgement was obtained by several canvassers and agents.

We have said enough to satisfy our readers interested in the matter that they will do well to inquire closely into statements made by Mr. W. H. Dicken before entering into business relations with him.

THE BLUE BELL FROM MANXLAND.

The document which serves as a prospectus in the offer of shares in the Blue Bell Gold Mines of Ontario by the Investment Corporation, Ltd., is extraordinary in many ways. The Blue Bell has a capital of £1,000,000 in dollar shares—what wonderful ideas of capitalisation have promoters of Canadian mines on this side!—and of this huge total a modest 100,000 are offered to the British investor. One's first inquiry on receiving the prospectus was the status of the "issuing house." Memory producing no results, we searched the usual reference books, and finally the files of registered companies at Somerset House, but no trace of the Investment Corporation could we discover. It now appears that this is an Isle of Man registration with a capital of £10,000, of which at least seven £1 shares appear to have been subscribed. Mr. Carter West seems to be the guiding spirit of this interesting enterprise, and his unimposing offices at Bishopsgate Street which form the home of the Investment Corporation also harbour the "Hour-Glass," the Newspaper Press Bureau, and a coming rival of Standard Oil—the Amalgamated Oil Company of Canada. The Blue Bell itself is "a well-established gold mine" in the Larder Lake district, which the Company's fiscal agents—names omitted from the prospectus—describe as an Eldorado. Assays are, of course, fabulous, running as high as £3,000 in gold to the ton, not to mention copper and silver, while "free gold crops out on top of the ground"—in short, the "sensational reports," says the prospectus, "are almost beyond belief." Quite so! If the mine is already "recognised" in Canada, why this attempt to sell shares on this side through an obscure Manxland Company? If any development has been accomplished, why are no details forthcoming? We strongly advise any impressionable investors who have been tempted to apply for shares to immediately write the "Investment Corporation" withdrawing their application. They will, we are afraid, be too late—but it is their only chance. In any event, they should refuse to pay up any calls.

VAN DEN BERGS', LTD.

Why Underwrite?

This well-known and most successful Company has obtained powers to increase its capital by the creation of £125,000 £1 Ordinary shares, and these shares are now offered to the public at £1 16s. per share. There is, of course, no doubt whatever that they will be subscribed by the public at the price named. Until the issue was contemplated the Company's shares stood at over £2 a share, and the profits of last year, after providing for the dividend on the Preference shares, a considerable addition to the reserve, and a dividend to the shareholders of 16 per cent., left a balance over of £25,603 10s. 3d., which was carried forward to the balance of undivided profits, bringing these up to £226,970 11s. 6d. The Company is one of those, unfortunately few in number, which have more than justified prospectus estimates. For 1902 the dividend was 6¼ per cent., for 1903 8 per cent., for 1904 12 per cent., for 1905 and 1906 16 per cent. This being the position, it is surprising to find the following paragraph in the prospectus:—

> Contracts have been entered into, dated July 8, 1907, between the company of the one part and Messrs. Panmure Gordon and Co. and Messrs. Mendel and Myers of the other part, under which the firms underwrite the shares now offered for subscription at a commission of 5 per cent. upon the price of issue, together with a commission of 1 per cent. thereon, both commissions being payable in cash by the company. The firms have entered into sub-underwriting contracts with various firms, persons and companies at commissions of 5 per cent. upon the price of issue.

This means, that in order to raise £225,000, the Company is paying £13,500 to their brokers and friends. The shareholders may well question the wisdom of this procedure on the part of the directors. In the first place, if money is wanted for the extension of the business it would surely have been better to have drawn upon the profits of the Company to some extent instead of distributing 16 per cent. The shareholders would have been quite content with 10 per cent. Even as matters stand there was a balance of undivided profits on December 31st last of £226,970, not to speak of a reserve fund of £122,396. With all these moneys available we should have thought it would have been much better to avoid any increase in the capital, even though dividends were restricted somewhat for a year or two. But if for some reason not apparent to us it was thought desirable to increase the capital to the extent indicated by this new issue, surely existing shareholders ought to have been given the opportunity of participating in the underwriting, if there was to be underwriting, instead of putting £13,500 into the hands of outsiders.

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LINOTYPE AND MACHINERY, LTD.

A SHAREHOLDER'S VIEW.

Referring to our remarks upon this Company in our last issue, we have received the following letter from Mrs. Louisa Samson, of 42, Park Hill Road, Hampstead, N.W., with every word of which we agree:—

Since you invite the views of shareholders on the position of this company, it might be as well to point out that the directors have never been able to justify the amalgamation of the Machinery Trust with the Linotype Company. The amalgamation was rushed through, and the shareholders of the Machinery Trust did not realise until afterwards what a tremendous sacrifice they had been led—by the statements of the directors—into making.

The Machinery Trust was a company formed to sell printing machinery—*not the Linotype only*, but all classes of machines—to printers and newspaper proprietors. This was a safe, steady and lucrative business. It had no plant or factory to keep up. Its risks were spread over many debtors and secured by keeping a lien on the machinery until it was fully paid. It was not tied down to selling only the Linotype, so that if a better machine than that came into the market, it could acquire it. On the other hand, the Linotype Company was tied down by an agreement to sell its machine to the Machinery Trust only. I understand that this was mentioned in the prospectus, and I know, at least, that this fact was mentioned in the Stock Exchange Year Book, year after year. This was a valuable contract, and ought not to have been surrendered without a proper consideration so long as the Linotype Company held the field. If a better machine came into the market, then we would have been in a position to take that up.

The Machinery Trust was not over-capitalised. Its capital was always fully and lucratively employed. It paid high dividends year after year. Its assets were tangible, consisting almost entirely of book-debts, machines and investments. It had no patents valued at fanciful and unrealisable prices. Its total capital in 1902, when it was taken over, was £750,000 in shares and £250,000 in debentures. It was perfectly solvent and flourishing, and had paid high dividends for years past.

On the other hand, the Linotype Company had in 1902 the large capital of £2,005,060 in shares and £680,000 in debentures, and of this less than a half had been paid for in cash. Its patents and goodwill were valued at the absurd figure of £2,012,457. Remember, too, that this company was tied down almost to a single machine; a better one might turn up any day, and its monopoly was fast coming to an end. It was to bolster up this declining business that the Machinery Company was "roped" in. Since that date not a farthing in the way of dividend has been paid, and the company has been going from bad to worse.

You invite the directors to answer various questions. My opinion is that they will ignore these, whether put by you or by shareholders at the next general meeting, and rely upon proxies, as they have done in the past, to defeat any motion for re-organisation which may be brought forward by the unfortunate shareholders.

It is only by determined combination on the part of shareholders that these men can be turned out of office and the now fast sinking ship saved from complete wreck.

NEW ISSUES.

UNITED SERDANG (SUMATRA) Rubber Plantations, Ltd., has been formed with a capital of £170,000, in £1 shares, to acquire and amalgamate two estates in Serdang, East Coast of Sumatra, having an area of over 11,000 acres. The acreage under rubber cultivation is approximately 2,748 acres, on which over 300,000 trees have been planted, but of these no fewer than 255,000 are three years old or less, and only 15,700 are upwards of five years old. It must therefore be several years before any substantial returns are obtained. The purchase price has been fixed at £106,000, payable as to £35,000 in cash and £71,000 in shares, in addition to which the company pays £2,500 for preliminary expenses and gives an option at par on 10,000 reserve shares.

The thing looks clean, but it must be some years before the profits named in the prospectus are made, if they are made at all, and it is by no means certain that the present price of rubber will be maintained. There is no doubt whatever that, given suitable site and soil, and sufficient labour, a rubber plantation at present prices is a very profitable property. It is much like a sugar plantation was at one time, and then coffee, and tea, and later on cocoa estates. With all these products, whilst the prices kept up, as they are kept up just now with rubber, large profits were made, but these profits induced a great increase of production, with consequent tumbling of prices, and this must inevitably be the case with rubber. The question for the public, when invited to put money into these new rubber companies, is how long profitable prices are likely to last, and what special advantages the properties they are asked to interest themselves in possess over others for the purpose of rubber production. We have no reason to suppose that the properties of the United Serdang Company are not very suitable for rubber growing, but obviously the shares of the Company, open as they are to the risks we have indicated, represent a very speculative investment.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—T. F. (Lancaster).—Practically the Post Office offers no greater security than the leading insurance companies, whilst the sum it pays in the shape of annuity is less. Taking the average of the leading offices, the sum that would be paid you for each £100 invested at 50 would be £6 16s. 9d. The Legal and General would give you as much as £7 0s. 8d. The Post Office would only give you £6 13s. 4d.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—DEVONSHIRE (Chiswick).—(1) Our advice to you is to keep your £20 in the Savings Bank. (2) Have nothing to do with the International Securities Syndicate. ALPHA (New Court, Temple).—We cannot advise you to invest in the shares of the Amalgamated Oil Company of Canada. We are not much fonder of Canadian than of Yankee shares. W. F. (Stoke Newington).—You might put your money into the shares of Raphael Tuck and Sons. At their present price they will given you a good yield for your money with excellent security.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. A. (Clapham Road).—It is among the best. Established contemporaneously with its neighbour, the London Assurance Corporation, as far back as 1720, it does a large and varied business in fire, life, marine and accident insurance. Its total assets at the end of last year amounted to £5,007,242.

TWO MINING SHARES.—E. S. (Lewisham).—We do not advise you to buy these shares. They are very speculative.

THE ACTON CAMLOW MILL BALL-BEARING COMPANY.—W. D. (Bristol).—Our advice to you is not to accept the offer.

SPENCER, SANTOS AND CO.—HAROLD (Beckenham).—We see no likelihood of these shares recovering to the price at which you bought in the early future.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—SAVINGS (Liverpool).—Our information is that your money would be safe. If they pay a high rate for deposits it must be remembered that they get much higher rates for the monies they lend, but we cannot undertake the responsibility of advising you to leave your money with people who offer interest so much above the rate given by sound and recognised financial commercial institutions.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH PROSPECTING COMPANY.—A CONSTANT READER (Highbury).—Notwithstanding the statement of this company that its offer of shares in its mining syndicate "is one of the best and most favourable investments that have ever been brought before the public," we cannot advise you to put any money into the concern.

APPROXIMATE PROFITS.—E. J. (Paddington).—(1) About 33 per cent. (2) We cannot possibly offer an opinion as to whether it would be prudent on your part to "buy a small business with the view of obtaining a living from it." We know nothing of the particular business to which you refer, or whether you are qualified to conduct it.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—HEART (Wimbledon).—The answer is in the affirmative. The dividend for 1906 was 10 per cent., and it is likely to be maintained. The main business of the company is the insurance of mortgages, debentures, and contingencies of all kinds.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—GOLDHAWK (Ravenscourt Park).—If you would tell us what kind of insurance you want we shall be better able to answer your question. This company, as you know, was formerly known as the British Workmen's and General Assurance Company. It transacts both ordinary and industrial business. Its total assets at the end of last year amounted to £1,786,396

RESPONSIBILITY OF TRUSTEES.—TRUSTEE (Birmingham).—If the trustees invested trust monies in securities not authorised by Parliament they did it on their own responsibility, and are liable for loss sustained.

LOAN OF £300.—ANXIOUS (Prescott).—The Provident Association of London is respectably managed and financially strong. You will have no difficulty in borrowing £300 if, as you say, you can give ample security. Everything, of course, depends upon that.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—A. B. C. (Victoria Street).—Yes. Have nothing to do with these people. R. H. S. (Liverpool).—If you had been in the habit of reading JOHN BULL you would have avoided dealings with the people you name. As it is, you had better tender them the balance of the sum they claim for the bonds upon their handing those documents to you. We notice from their letter that they undertake to complete the purchase, and make a reduction of 5 per cent. upon the balance outstanding, if you adopt the course we have suggested. If you do so let us know the result, and in future deal with a member of the Stock Exchange when you want to buy securities.

LONDON ELECTRONIUS COMPANY.—E. D. Q. (Finsbury Park).—We agree with you as to the unwisdom of the course you took when the offer was made to you.

HOARE AND CO.—A. G. (South Wimbledon).—The outlook for breweries is not very promising just now, but we know of no good reason why you should sell these shares at the moment.

WINDUS AND CO.—P. F. (Glasgow).—Have nothing to do with these foreign lotteries.

THE NEW PUBLISHING COMPANY.—SCRUTATOR (Wandsworth).—The shares of this company are highly speculative. The prospectus does not strike us as a very convincing document, and we shall be surprised if the dividends are earned and distributed which are mentioned therein as probable.

UNITED KINGDOM INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—J. S. (Paddington).—The answer is in the negative. E. H. G. (Strand).—We are not in a position to give you the assurance you ask for.

SAFE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—NONEX (Rowlands Castle).—It is foolish to insure in a society merely to oblige a friend, and without inquiring into its position. As to the one you name we have never heard anything to its prejudice.

ESTATE IN JOHANNESBURG.—PIONEER (Shepherds Bush).—£9 2s. seems a lot to pay for the title deed of a plot valued at £20, but we are not in a position to say that it is not a legal charge. You should get the address of some respectable local solicitor and put the matter in his hands.

FIRE AND ACCIDENT.—A. G. K. (Peckham).—We have no information respecting the concern you name.

CONSOLIDATED SECURITIES COMPANY.—F. F. (Blackpool).—You seem to have the hang of it, and, if so, it is unnecessary for us to advise you not to have Stock Exchange dealings with these people.

CITY AND COUNTY HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—A. S. (Islington).—Yes, we think so. A. B. (Canonbury).—We know of no good reason why you should not join the society. It is prudently managed, and although its financial resources are not very great, they are growing. We return your papers. W. C. (Glasgow).—We are obliged to you. Will you send us copy of your last report?

BRITISH HOMES CORPORATION.—M.—We note that you wish to dispose of a certificate for £600 upon which you have paid £88 5s., on which interest has accrued to the extent of £3 11s. 11d. and bonuses to £5 9s. 2d., making £97 6s. 1d., for which you will take £90. J. S. T. (Bromley).—We note that you have a £300 certificate which you would like to sell, and a seven years' fully paid-up certificate. You do not name the price you would take. T. M. (Fitzroy Square).—We suppose the company declines to give you a surrender value because you have only been paying in for a short time. It is a great pity that those who take out certificates do not master the conditions before doing so. We note that you are willing to hand over the certificate, upon which you have paid £5, to anyone who cares to have it, but we really cannot see that the company is to blame in the matter. F. W. R. (York).—We are not quite certain what you mean by "stock" in this connection. Perhaps you will make your meaning clear?

DELIVERY OF BONDS.—E. H. G. (Liverpool).—We do not suggest that the bonds would not be sent you if you send cheque for the balance due upon them.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—F. J. H. (Ilford) has a £300 bond with £14 16s. paid on it, for which he would accept "anything reasonable." E. M. (Bridlington).—There is no reason why you should not do so, but bear in mind the length of the bond, and read carefully the conditions under which it is issued.

SALE OF BONDS.—E. L. (Luton).—We regret we cannot help you in the matter.

VALUE OF SHARES.—G. H. R. (Harrington Gardens).—We think so. Under the circumstances we should hold.

POSITION OF COMPANY.—A. W. C. (King's Lynn).—It is a respectably managed company, but we do not like these long-dated bonds. A. H. S. (Bournemouth).—We should prefer another selection.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—J. C. (Festiniog).—We do not think there is any such requirement, but we will look into the law on the subject.

ABBEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. J. E. (Watford).—We know nothing against it.

MAJESTIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—BULLIER (Devonport).—The answer is in the negative. ADVISED (Llanelly).—We cannot recommend you to insure with this company.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—Hancock (Sturminster-Newton).—We cannot advise you to abandon a policy upon which you have paid so much money in the way of premiums. If you read this page you know that we have always advised our readers to fight shy of American insurance offices. They are managed in a reckless and unprincipled way—that is to say, those of the offices which do business in this country—but there is no question as to the solvency of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and we advise you, having paid so long, to continue to pay for the rest of the time.

THE "LIMERICK" FRAUD.

It is time someone spoke out about this latest example of illegitimate journalistic "enterprise." Apart from its inherent stupidity, the whole thing is a transparent fraud. Let us take, by way of example, the original perpetrators of the scheme—*London Opinion*. Hitherto our contemporary has been conducted upon eminently respectable lines—which is the most that can be said about it. A few months ago, however, it nearly committed suicide by reducing its price to a halfpenny, but quickly recognising the folly of such an authoritative estimate of its value, the old price was restored and frantic efforts were made to recover the lost ground. Then, in an evil moment, someone came along with one of those original "competitions" with which all newspaper proprietors are bombarded—the object, of course, being to devise a scheme outside the provisions of either the Betting or the Lottery Act. In this dull island and in these dismal days of maudlin mediocrity, the drivelling piffle known as "Nursery Rhymes" or "Limericks" has come to be regarded as amusing—especially when flavoured with just a suggestion of the improper. Here, then, was a fine idea. Why not concoct a series of unfinished Limericks and invite the readers to test their "skill" in supplying the missing words—and by sending sixpence with each attempt create a prize fund (at their own expense) for the best effusion? "Neat rhyming and creative skill" are the objects to be aimed at, and to ensure satisfaction to the competitors no less an authority than Mr. Gilbert L. Jessop, "the famous University cricketer and sporting writer," is appointed to act as judge. Lest there be a sceptical smile on the faces of our readers at this statement, we hasten to give a specimen of Mr. Jessop's literary quality. From the issue of *London Opinion* for July 13th, we cull this gem:—

"Mr. Jessop says, although *entries are eligible* up till Tuesday morning, *it will facilitate his judicial duties* if they are sent in earlier—as soon, in fact, *as evolved*!"

Now let us see what Mr. Jessop is supposed to do. We read that "this week the amount to be divided is £650 5s., so that each of the twenty successful lines gets £30 0s. 3d., and there are 50 consolation prizes of £1 each." If we divide £650 5s. into sixpences, we find that there were 26,010 lines sent in—all of which, mark you, *might* have come on the Tuesday—the day before publication. We will assume, however, that Mr. Jessop had the whole week at his disposal and that he devoted, say, six hours a day to the job—getting his cricket and other work in besides. Let any reader try for himself, and applying the most casual care to reading, considering, and comparing the lines, he will find that five or six a minute represent the utmost that can be got through. Taking this as a basis of calculation, we arrive at the conclusion that even including Sunday Mr. Jessop would still be unable to cope with the work. But does anyone for a moment believe that six hours a day, or three hours a day, are given by Mr. Jessop? And yet we are told that "every entry received up to Tuesday morning is carefully considered"!

Indeed, we have only to glance at the result.

A youth who from Hampstead Road hied
Spent the day on last week's free tube ride;
"Ah! how splendid," said he,
"If we also got free——
'Inside fare' for the free fares inside."

The italic line gets £30!!!!! And here are others:—

Scope to 'mash' the fair 'tubers' inside.
Diamond rings." He's in jail, for he tried.
Brides and mansions. No man shuns a bride.
'Little Mary's' vagaries supplied.
Right to laps, 'stead of straps, when inside."

But, after all, what standard of intelligence can we expect from people who are prepared to rack their little brains in a competition in which they are content to provide their own prize fund and to take the chance of being one of twenty in twenty-six thousand?

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"New Chronicles of Rebecca." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. London: Constable, 1907. Price 6s.

This author possesses quite a human sense of humour, which is unusual in an American. Rebecca is a quaint little girl with literary ambitions. Most of her spare time is spent in writing in what she calls her "thought-book," some of which is amusing. Here are a few typical extracts:

> I told Aunt Jane I was going to begin my Remerniscences, and she says I am full young, but I reminded her that Candace Milliken's sister died when she was ten, leaving no footprints whatever, and if I should die suddenly who would write down my Remerniscences? Aunt Miranda says the sun and moon would rise and set just the same. . . . I told her a diary was very sacred, as you generally poured your deepest feelings into it, expecting nobody to look at it but yourself and your indulgent heavenly Father who seeth all things. . . . I should think poets could never possibly get to heaven, for it is so hard to stick to the truth when you are writing poetry. . . . *Which has been the most benefercent influence on character—punishment or reward?* This truly dreadful question was given us by Dr. Moses when he visited school to-day. He is a School Committee; not a whole one, but I do not know the singular number. . . . Punishment is a very puzzly thing, but I believe in it when really deserved, only when I punish myself it does not always turn out well. . . . I threw my pink parasol down the well, as the mothers in the missionary books throw their infants to the crocodiles in the Ganges river. . . . I punished myself this way because Aunt Miranda said unless I improved I would be nothing but a Burden and a Blight. . . . I know about a Blight, for there was a dreadful east wind over at our farm that destroyed all the little young crops just out of the ground, and the farmers called it the Blight. And I would rather be hail, sleet, frost or snow than a Blight, which is mean and secret, and which is the reason I threw away the dearest thing on earth to me, the pink parasol that Miss Rose brought me from Paris, France. I have also wrapped up my bead purse in three papers and put it away marked not to be opened till after my death unless needed for a party.
>
> I must not be Burden, I must not be Blight,
> The angels in heaven would weep at the sight.

"The Devil's Peepshow." By the Author of "A Time of Terror." London: Hurst and Blackett, 1907. Price 6s.

This is described as "a story of 1906." It affects realism by introducing politicians under their real names. They discuss the ordinary questions of the hour in a commonplace way. As for the narrative, this is the kind of thing:—

> It soon became clear in the House itself that the Labour leaders had no real love, but rather a savage contempt for the Government leaders. . . . Labour ideals were far from being realised by a Government including Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Edward Grey, and the Earl of Crewe.

All very true, no doubt, but not the kind of thing to fill the ordinary novel reader with wild enthusiasm. For my part, I would rather read the parliamentary summaries in last year's *Daily Mail*.

"The World and its God." By Philip Mauro, Attorney-at-Law. London: Morgan and Scott. Price 6d.

I should have thought that a Yankee lawyer was the last person to whom we should go for theological pronouncements. However, I read that he was for 20 years "a convinced and avowed materialist," that he is "prominent and shrewd," and that his purpose is to apply a "philosophic or rationalistic test" to Bible narratives. Evidently the very man for me, since I recently stirred up a hornets' nest by defending the faith in a review. So I have read his book, which is plausible in parts, but sometimes takes too much for granted. It is not enough to point out that scientists proclaim the origin of the universe to be "unknowable" while Genesis gives us details thereof. What we want to prove is that theologians are less fallible than scientists. They could scarcely be less. At any rate, this little book, if not altogether satisfactory, will set many people thinking. And the author is courteous in controversy.

"Poetry and Progress in Russia." By Rosa Newmarch. London: John Lane, 1907. Price 7s. 6d. net.

It is a strange fact that literary gifts and revolutionary sentiments usually seem to go together in Russia. Dobrolinbov put this remark more tersely when he said: "There is not a single modern Russian poet of note who does not celebrate his own funeral rites. Miss (?) Rosa Newmarch goes further, and makes the sweeping statement that "throughout the civilised world the poets have been the pioneers of liberty and enlightenment." I fancy I could provide her with a fairly long list of poets who have not been pioneers, as well as of pioneers who were anything but poets. However, I am content to rely upon Pushkin, who is the central figure of her book. That negroid was a typical opportunist, who cared not whether he derived the sinews of dissipation from the Government or the disaffected.

Much the same may be said of Lermontov. Both were to a great extent imitators of Byron as a poet, and more especially as a man of original morals. At the same time both were musical and inspiring, and great credit is due to Miss Newmarch, not only for her narrative of their lives and criticism of their works, but also for her excellent translations. She evidently possesses high poetic gifts of her own, which qualify her to be their interpreter. The following rendering of Lermontov's "The Dream" is quite in the Byronic vein, and additional interest is imparted by her statement that this poem "foreshadowed with extraordinary accuracy the circumstances of his tragic end."

At noon, in the valley of Dark Daghestan,
With a ball in my breast I lay silent and stark,
While drop by drop, slowly, the red life-blood ran
From the still smoking wound that showed hollow and dark.

Alone I lay there on the bare sandy ground,
The fierce sun of noontide was scorching the steep
Brown crests of the mountains that hemmed me around,
And it fell on me too—but I slept the death-sleep.

And I dreamt of my country; of revels by night,
Of halls that were brilliant with cressets aflame;
Of maidens whose chaplets of roses gleamed bright,
And amid their gay gossip I heard my own name.

But one of the maidens sits pensive apart,
Nor joins in the laughter; and God alone knows
What sinister fancies engulf her young heart,
So silent she sits while the revelry grows.

Does she see in her vision the corpse of a man,
With a ball in his breast, lying silent and stark
At noon, in the valley of far Daghestan,
While the still smoking wound with his life-blood is dark?

I have read the whole of this book with lively interest, and can recommend it cordially to anyone who desires to explore the avenues of Russian poetry.

"The Secret Entrance." By John Finnemore. London: Ward Lock, 1907. Price 6s.

Springmeads was an old house elaborately provided with hiding-places and secret passages, dating from the days of religious persecution. When Margaret was going to bed, a panel suddenly opened and she beheld her husband, who was supposed to have perished at the Charité fire in Paris. He was being chased by the police for forgery, and the house accordingly lent itself to a fine game of hide and seek. Eventually, of course, he fell down a chimney and died, so that Margaret might marry the man she loved. There is nothing very original about the story, but the interest is well sustained and the characters are fairly well drawn. Not a bad shocker, on the whole.

"The Marriage Broker." By Florence Warden. London: Laurie, 1907. Price 6s.

Florence Warden has a quiverful of shocks and still contrives to surprise on every page. But her ideas of probability and her conceptions of character are not very convincing. This story is founded on the revelations of a recent law-suit, and throws no fresh light upon a sordid topic. The mistake lies in representing everyone as either a knave or a fool, or more often a mixture of both. But such as are not too critical may easily be amused.

"Forty Years in the Argentine Republic." By Arthur E. Shaw. London: Elkin Mathews, 1907. Price 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Shaw has spent his forty years to very little purpose, and his book misses a good opportunity of awaking interest in a land of great possibilities. He relates little more than his own trivial experiences, and he irritates with an extraordinary jargon, which is perhaps intended to be witty. I will only quote the least depressing incident:

> Rosario was gay in those days. . . . There was much dancing, and, I suppose junketing (whatever that may mean). . . . I had one or two carnivals in those years and in Rosario which certainly were red-letter days. After 2 p.m. water in bucketfuls was thrown from every coin (*sic*) of vantage, but from flat-roof tops in particular. Copies of the English (London) *Times* newspaper (which were collected for the purpose, being of extra strong paper) were held up by the four corners filled with water. The ends were quickly and roughly twisted into one, and the "bomb" was dropped from the roof on a passer-by's head. The effect was often astounding. I "mind me" of one beautiful cavalier of the time of Charles the Second, who sallied forth from the theatre to acts of "derring do." He had not gone four paces when he received a "bomb" from the theatre-roof, a two-storey building. The effect was electrical.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

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KISSES.

By Jim Crow.

[*Our eccentric contributor, Mr. Crow, gives his views upon osculation. Such views are entirely his own.*—Editor.]

Kissing is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. I have never been able to understand why it should be considered a mark of affection to press one's lips upon a part of somebody's body and emit drops of saliva. What can be the possible pleasure, either to the donor or to the recipient of so foolish a caress? I suppose that certain unthinking folk experience some sort of exhilaration in the propinquity of persons of the other sex, but that is no reason why they should set a seal on their sensations by slobbering. It has been remarked that most animals are superior to man in that they have not acquired a taste for spirituous liquors. I should be more inclined to exalt them for their abstinence from the ridiculous custom of kissing. Turtle-doves and humans are the only creatures who have adopted it.

THE MATERNAL SLOBBER.

Kisses are of many kinds, all more or less disgusting. Take the chaste salutation which a doting mother bestows upon her puling brats. Was there ever so imprudent an act? It does not soothe the pains of hunger or teething or the various other afflictions of the very young. They cry for milk or soothing syrup, and you give them a kiss! No doubt it is well to accustom them to disappointments at an early age; but remember that bad habits, when inculcated at the outset of life, may easily become chronic. If a child be taught the trick of kissing in the cradle, it may never shake it off before reaching the grave. In some bad cases I have seen parents send their children round a roomful of guests to take an osculatory toll from each.

A DAMP DEPOSIT.

Consider also the kissing of old women as a mark of respect. Once upon a time it was deemed sufficient to touch the tips of their fingers with the tips of our lips. Now you may see grown men and women fling their arms round a woman's neck and leave a damp deposit upon her cheek or brow. I have even heard of cases where people have actually saluted their mothers-in-law after this filthy and familiar fashion. But that sounds too bad to be true.

FOUL FOREIGNERS.

Among foreigners it is not unusual to find men kissing and hugging each other, and that even in public. So unnatural a habit has happily not taken root in this island, though I did hear of an exuberant mayor who recently disgusted everybody by welcoming a French colleague with an embrace. While I am on this topic of foreigners, I may express parenthetical glee that we are far ahead of other civilised nations in the matter of kissing. The vice is not nearly so widespread among us as it is with silly foreigners. Let me also note that, like most other vices, kissing is propagated and developed by civilisation. The majority of savages do not kiss at all. I understand that the Laps rub noses instead, and that the Japs greet their friends by tumbling on all fours. These may be ridiculous exercises, but they do not disgust.

CLUCKING IN THE AIR.

I suppose the majority of kisses which are perpetrated nowadays occur between young men and maidens. I have seen women greet one another in that nasty way, but I have observed that they exhibit no enthusiasm about the practice, and usually either peck in a perfunctory manner, or merely make a clucking sound in the air. Now, if I were a gentle female, and were doomed to be a kisser, I should much prefer to come into contact with faces belonging to my own sex. Imagine the nauseating horror of joining lips with a man who has lately taken tobacco or whisky or onions! Consider the shudder which would be inevitable when encountering the microbe-haunted moss which is often left sprouting round his mouth. Some wretched woman has stated that a moustachio is to a kiss as salt is to an egg. Well, there is no accounting for tastes!

ASSAULT OR CARESS?

It is strange how differently various people regard kissing. The other day a Yankee female obtained a divorce because her husband suddenly ceased kissing her, after having given her two kisses per diem during eight years. No wonder he grew tired of the monotony after the 5,840th conjunction of his lips with hers. He must have become a veritable Sandow at the game. But the strange thing is that his indefatigable wife, like Oliver Twist, still asked for more. On the other hand, I read of a lady who was suddenly kissed in a street or a railway carriage (I forget which) by a total stranger. According to the analogy of the Yankee wife, you would imagine that she was delighted and wanted more. Not a bit of it. She haled him before a magistrate and he was severely fined. A similar case occurred at Amsterdam once upon a time, but the sapient judge decided that, as a kiss was a token of esteem, it could not be construed into an assault. There was accordingly a verdict for the defendant, and presumably any one who likes may run about Holland and kiss any woman he sees. After all, there would be no great danger in allowing this, for, judging by the Dutch damsels I have seen, not even the most confirmed kisser would be tempted to coquet with them.

THE POISONED KISS.

Kissing is dangerous. We are to remember that human saliva is a hot-bed of cocci, germs, microbes, and all kinds of bacteria. There they are, in my mouth and yours, only waiting to be fertilised, and one stupid little kiss may do the trick. I am convinced that, if we could only succeed in abolishing kisses, we should do a great deal towards checking the spread of cancer, consumption, and many other scourges of the age. Let all those who are ever tempted to degrade themselves by indulgence in this pastime remember that poison may lurk in the kisses whereof poets love to sing.

THE LEGAL ASPECT OF KISSING.

There are also other dangers. Owing to the common custom of jumping to conclusions, a kiss has come to be regarded as evidence of many heterogeneous acts with which it probably has nothing whatever to do. Juries have been known to confuse it with a promise of marriage, or to let it bias their minds in a divorce suit. See how great a fire may be kindled by a mild indiscretion. Years of unhappiness, broken lives, ruined homes, bankruptcy, loss of friends, public ignominy—all for the doubtful pleasure of exchanging saliva with a friend.

KISSING AND CHARACTER.

Moreover, it is a safe rule in life to distrust and avoid all kisses. Remember that the most celebrated kisser in history was Judas Iscariot. The murderers of Cæsar began by kissing his face, hands, and breast. Judith probably kissed Holofernes before she decapitated him. "And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib and shed out his bowels to the ground." Othello, too, gave his wife two kisses before he strangled her. So you see that kissing and treachery often go together. Kissers are also usually effeminate, untruthful, profligate, greedy, jealous, covetous, garrulous, incorrigible.

THE ORIGIN OF KISSING.

The origin of kissing is lost in antiquity. We find it mentioned by Job, who wrote the oldest book in the world. His allusion, however, is to kissing as a ceremonial act. He says that if he had "beheld the sun when it shined on the moon walking in brightness," and if thereupon his mouth had kissed his hand, this would have been "an iniquity to be punished by the judge." To apply your mouth to your hand was evidently a sign of adoration, and if Job had done this when he looked at the sun and moon, he would have considered himself an idolater. This habit of kissing yourself as a mark of respect still survives in certain country districts, and is certainly preferable to the habit of kissing other people. It is specially to be recommended in the case of people with long noses, which impede the union of mouths.

KISS-ME-QUICK.

The practice of "kissing the book" in a witness-box is doubtless analogous. It ought to be discouraged nearly as much as kissing mouths, for a leather cover must collect microbes, and surely it would be possible to swear quite as forcibly without courting disease. On the whole, I am disposed to believe that kissing was originally an act of self-abasement. People kissed the hem of a garment to express their inferiority. Kissing the rod implied the acceptance of merited chastisement. And I shall have to kiss hands when I am made Prime Minister. On the other hand, kiss-in-the-ring is an ancient game. It is also alleged that kissing goes by favour. But if any of my readers want to do me a favour, they will altogether abstain from kissing me.

First catch your Crow, then kiss him.

"SHALL I MURDER OR DROWN?"

With reference to the article in our issue of July 13th headed "Shall I Murder or Drown?" we beg to acknowledge receipt of a Post Office Order from an anonymous correspondent in favour of Alfred Ware for 2s. 6d., and another Post Office Order of like amount from Mr. F. Allbutt, of 256, Rotton Park Road, Birmingham, who, in addition, offers Ware work, which Mr. Allbutt considers him capable of performing. Unfortunately Ware left us no address—under the circumstances it was hardly possible for him to do so—but he promised to communicate with us on his return to Manchester. This he has not done as yet. We can only hope that this announcement will catch his eye, when no doubt he will communicate with us, and the 5s. will be forwarded to him, together with an explanation of Mr. Allbutt's offer.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

TINKERING.

On Friday, the Attorney-General moved Parliament to sanction the appointment of an additional judge, and by a majority of 114—155 to 41—Parliament consented. The decision is another illustration of the tinkering so beloved of Parliament. Given a continuance of the present judicial system, and not one additional judge but six are wanted. It is agreed by all persons competent to express an opinion, and willing to recognize facts, that if the present scandalous delay in the hearing of appeals is to be ended there must be a third Court of Appeal. That means three new judges, and as one of the three will often be ill, or turned on to other work, it is necessary to have a fourth available as odd man, which means a fourth new judge. The services of this fourth man would sometimes be available in the lower Courts, and with another two new judges there the arrears in the Courts of first instance might be overcome. But with less than these six additional judges, arrears will continue. Nor is there anything unreasonable in the suggestion of another half-dozen judges, assuming, again, that the present system is to be maintained, Not only are population and wealth steadily increasing, the average duration of trials from causes largely beyond the control of judges, is increasing. But while the staffs of other departments of State have been largely increased during the last fifty years, the number of judges has remained unaltered. There is nothing, therefore, in itself unreasonable in calling for more judges.

But this is to assume that the present employment of judicial time is all that it should be, and, as our readers know, that is not the case. If it can be shown that by a better arrangement of work arrears would vanish, it is obvious that the real remedy is to correct the system under which the arrears have arisen. And who can doubt that the present arrangements are faulty to a degree? Take the circuit system, and the figures relating to it given by Mr. Buckmaster, K.C., in his excellent speech on the Attorney-General's motion:—

> There were 56 towns at which civil and criminal causes were tried at the summer assizes, and of these there were seven in which no civil causes were tried in 1906, four in which there was only one, ten in which there were only two, and 37 in which only five were tried. There was one English town in which only one action was tried in five years. For the trial of 13 prisoners 742 persons were summoned from their business to discharge the duties of jurymen, and on another occasion 348 jurymen were summoned for an assize at which eight prisoners were tried.

The Attorney-General himself, in his days of "greater freedom and less responsibility," spoke of this system as "antiquated, troublesome, and costly." The Bar Council have more than once urged a reduction in the number of assize towns, but nothing is done. The judges cling to the tomfoolery of trumpeters and javelin men, and the rest, and will not willingly forego the seven pounds ten shillings a day extra pay whilst on assize. But in what other country than this, save perhaps China, would this archaic system be allowed to continue? Then further decentralization is increasing. There are great towns where District Courts should sit daily, and the jurisdiction of the County Courts should be considerably extended. If these changes were made, if the number of assize towns was reduced by two-thirds, and the local Courts were given larger powers, the relief to the High Court would be great, and the present staff of judges—other than in the Appeal Court—might suffice. But then there is no likelihood of these changes being made. The old bad system will continue, and the additional judge that is to be will, we venture to predict, make no visible difference in the arrears lists.

COUNTY COURT CLERKS.

With reference to our remarks upon this subject in our last issue, and more particularly to the case of Mr. Hunt, we have received the following letter, with which we are in entire agreement:—

> I am very glad that in your current issue you have called attention to the anomalous position of County Court clerks in general, and the very hard case of Mr. Hunt in particular.
>
> Your summing up is irresistible, and it will indeed be strange if the matter is allowed to drop.
>
> It will surely not be wise for the present Government, with its professed sympathy for old-age pensions, to go to the country with an ugly inconsistency, like that you have referred to, liable to be produced for electioneering purposes.
>
> But apart from this the case itself is so exceptional that it should surely be treated in a broad and generous spirit. When a man has spent sixty years in the public service—a diamond jubilee of usefulness—it is, to say the least of it, ungracious to grudge him that assistance from the public funds which might bring happiness to his closing years instead of harassment.
>
> We English are notoriously illogical, but we have the reputation of being both just and generous; and justice and generosity demand that some recognition of Mr. Hunt's sixty years of faithful service should be made, and that speedily.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,
RICHARD S. ROWE, A.C.I.S.
27, Barnard Road, New Wandsworth, S.W. July 11th, 1907.

"NAGGING" WIVES.

In his summing-up in the Eckhardstein case, Mr. Justice Bucknill gave an exposition of the law bearing upon judicial separation which may be commended to that odious section of the female community known as "nagging" wives. "If the wife," said Mr. Justice Bucknill, "has been a 'nagging' wife, the Baron a henpecked husband, and she has rendered his life insupportable, then he is entitled to relief." It is probable that a good many people are victims of this sort of torture, and are unaware that they can obtain relief if they choose to apply to the Courts for it, and can prove the "nagging." In some countries the law has long since given not only the relief which, according to Mr. Justice Bucknill, it is ready to give in this country, namely, judicial separation, but annulment of marriage where the wife has proved herself to be a nagging wife. In America, Canada, Australia, and other Anglo-Saxon countries, the relief is given on the ground of "incompatibility of temper" which is a polite way of putting it. It makes little difference what it is called so long as the relief is obtainable. It is a mystery to us that so many of these nagging women end their days in a natural way. We suppose it is that nature by one of her mysterious processes contrives to marry them to easy-going, gentle, sumissive, forgiving male creatures. And perhaps it is as well, although we cannot help thinking that the world, or that section of it where civilised marriage rites prevail, would be happier if the "naggers" knew that continuance in their own particular ill-doing would more likely than not end in sudden death.

GUILTY AND NOT GUILTY.

Divorce law in this country is a curious thing, full of anomalies that do not work for justice. Let us take a case that might very well happen. A man has reason to believe that his wife has been guilty of adultery. He takes the usual steps for obtaining divorce, citing the co-respondent. The co-respondent thereupon applies to have the two suits separated, and succeeds. The case against him is heard, and he contrives, let us say by means of perjury, to persuade the jury that he is innocent. Upon that he is dismissed from the case. Meantime the case against the wife proceeds, and is heard. The jury find that the wife was guilty, and the husband gets his divorce. Now note the position. The finding of the jury is that the wife has committed adultery with a man whose innocence has been asserted by another jury. First the law says that John Brown is innocent of adultery with Mary Jones, and then the law says that Mary Jones has committed adultery with John Brown. John Brown gets off scatheless, Mary Jones pays the penalty, but the anomaly—the absurdity—the wrong, does not end here. John Brown is married, and immediately upon the verdict which has divorced Mary Jones, Mrs. Brown sues for divorce and gets it without having to submit any further evidence as to adultery. A jury has found that Mary Jones has committed adultery with John Brown; therefore the law says that John Brown's wife is entitled to her remedy of release, if it happens that her husband has been cruel in the legal sense of the word as well as licentious. Will anyone say—even the most crusted old Tory—that the law that can permit such anomalies as this is a just law, or that Parliament which permits the law sanctioning the anomaly to remain upon the Statute Book is other than neglectful of its duty to the nation?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INJURIES THROUGH ACCIDENT.—H. N. (Clapham).—We do not recommend solicitors.

LONDON CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—H. T. (Walthamstow).—We think the Association is protected in the circumstances by the rule you quote.

DIRECTOR'S QUALIFICATION.—C. H. (Codsall).—You are not qualified unless you hold £500 of the ordinary stock.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Sir F. C. Burnand.

My Dear Sir Francis,—I am very sorry. You have all my sympathy. I always thought you were a very prosperous person. You edited *Punch* all those years, and, though it was not very amusing, I supposed it paid. Otherwise, why was it brought out week after week so strenuously? And you wrote plays, which seemed to attract audiences. You even had a run of 800 nights for one of your pieces. I see in "Who's Who" that "when about 25" you "wrote for *Fun* during one year." Now it is not everybody who can afford to write for fun. Most of us would rather write for John Bull and heap Pelion on Ossa in the way of banking accounts. As one who had followed your career with interest and surprise, I mentally congratulated you on your prosperity. Without brains above the average, you seemed to have discovered the short cut to Tom Tiddler's ground. You were even dubbed a knight, and we all know that a knighthood nowadays is the prime hall-mark of wealth.

But now, alas, we rub our eyes and find your name in the literary pension list for a paltry £200 a year. I was afraid that you were coming down in the world, since my Lord Northcliffe hustled you out of your editorial chair in the evening of your days. One symptom was that you were driven to write rubbish for every little paper which had a guinea to hold up before your eyes. But I did not expect to see you holding out your hat for public charity—like Gerald Balfour on a smaller scale. Cheer up!

John Bull.

To Mdlle. Louise de la Ramée.

My Dear Ouida,—So you are to have an old-age pension of £3 a week. It scarcely seems to fit in, somehow, with the magnificence of those novels with which you shocked the susceptibilities of early Victorian crinolines. I have always associated you with gay guardsmen and beakers of Tokay and a spirit of luxurious extravagance. I imagined you reclining on silken divans or ivory thrones, in an atmosphere of slow music. So it is a bit of a shock to find you grasping the guerdon of Grub Street. These literary pensions are supposed to rescue unpopular authors from the brink of starvation. They are all very well for tedious twaddlers. But what an insult they must appear to you! It is, indeed, sad that, after all your strenuous magnificence and magniloquence, you should have to accept a charitable pittance. Have you lost all your readers and alienated speculative publishers? How are the mighty fallen! Accept my condolences.

John Bull.

To John Davidson, Esq.

My puir body,—This is the last straw. Fancy finding you among the derelicts! I have read your proud biography. It sounded very fine. You had been assistant to a town analyst; you had been clerk to a thread firm; you had toiled for bawbees as an usher; you wrote reviews and articles in the *Glasgow Herald* and *Speaker* until your "poetry began to attract attention." Then you evidently imagined that you had arrived. But, unfortunately, your poetry attracted nothing more than attention—and not much of that. So now you are to have £2 a week at my expense. Well, I don't grudge it you.

John Bull.

To Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, Commander-in-Chief Moroccan Forces, Raisuli Lodge, Ilkmass, Morocco.

Dear Auld Mac,—How dae ye carry yoursel' the noo? For a Scot, I'm bound tae say ye ha'e been maist unsmart. That ane wha kenned the brigand sae weel should trust him sae far—weel, weel, ye ha'e ma sympathy, but I fear that before ye gang back tae command the military farces—I ask yer pardon, I should ha'e said "forces"—o' your august maister, Muley Abdul Aziz, Emperor o' Morocco, that high Imperial party wull ha'e tae find ransom tae some tune, an' it won't be tae the skirl o' the bagpipes. I dinna profess tae ken how he wull get the siller, but if there is ony diffeeculty he should gang roond tae his uncle's an' raise it on his croon. Ye'll ken this isna the time tae save the bawbees, especially as ye willna ha'e tae pay them yersel', though I'm no saying ye're no worth what ye'll cost before Muley has the sicht o' your face again.

Ye shouldna ha'e been sich a fuil as to be ta'en in wi' a bloodthirsty heathen like Raisuli. Ye'd ganged oot tae him as a Royal Commission frae Muley, loaded up wi' presents for him, an' wi' a free pardon in the pocket o' your breeks, also wi' instructions tae speer what he'd tak' tae be good. Ye was tae meet him at Lhamaz tae ha'e a crack wi' him on the situation, and when he respectfully requested ye wad gang into camp wi' no escort tae speak on, ye ganged like a simple Johnny Raw. Maybe ye're sorry ye ganged noo. But it's nae guid blubberin' when the funeral has ganged, an' ye'll ha'e tae mak' the best o' the bad job, e'en though Raisuli slits ane o' your ears. Not sae lang ago ye led a' the Moroccan army against him, but couldna' get haud o' him; noo, tae mak' quits, he has haud o' ye, an' wull keep haud if he isna sic a fuil as ye are yersel'. Till Muley scrapes the bawbees together ye'd better crack tae Raisuli a lang string o' funny stories. Ye'll need 'em a' tae keep him in patience, I'm thinkin'. But dinna lose hairt. There's worse things happen i' the Cannibal Islands.

John Bull.

To Mary Ann, Any House, Anywhere.

Dear Mary Ann,—I writes you this post-card hoping as it finds you well, as it leeves me at presint. Also thinkin' you wud like to know that there's a hact passed which gives you the right to tumble down the cellar steps or fall out of the bedroom winder as your a-washin' of it, if you likes to do so, at the hexpense of the missus. There isn't no difficultys about it at all. You just falls out and brakes yure neck w'en yure feelin' that way, and in a day or two yure father or yure mother, or some huther member of the family wot is the next of kin, or the heir-at-law, or the executioner, administater, or somethink, calls on the missus, or the hinsurance company, or somebody, and collects the money. Several have gone dead already, and they and everybody wot is connected with them is better off. Leastways, they have gorn to a better land, and their fathers and mothers is pounds in pocket.

So if you wants to benefit yure sorroin' relatives, fall out ov the highest winder in the house; but if you wants to benefit yourself and have a month's holider in the hospital and compensation for yure hinjuries, all you have to do is to trip up over the doorstep and brake yure leg, or sprain yure ankle, or knock out yure kneecap, and there you are as easy as wink, all comfy and no waiting. If this Hact of Parleyment don't fill you with joy, all I've got to say is that yure hard to pleese. Not so long ago you might have brokken yure best leg, or cracked the place where you fix on yure Sunday hat without getting nothink, and have to pay for yure own doctor and funeral expenses. But it's different now, so rite home and tell mother of the same. With love to Jemima Mary Jane.

John Bull.

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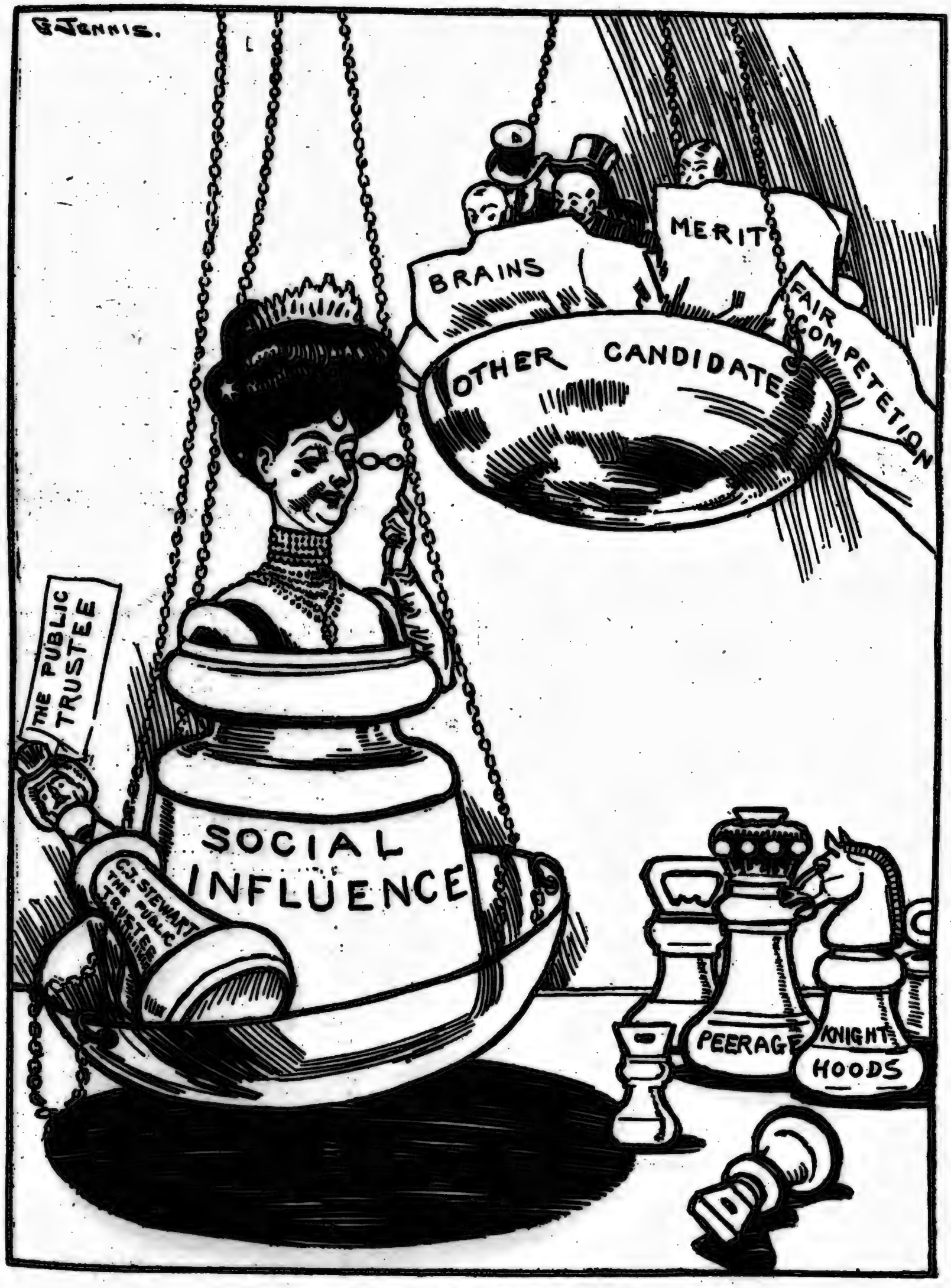
It may mean Five Pounds for you.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.



THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.

CHOOSING THE BEST MAN.

MR. HAVELOCK WILSON, M.P.

With reference to the article that appeared in the issue of John Bull of July 6th, we have received a letter from Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., traversing some of our statements and explaining his position in the matter. We need hardly say that we have no desire to be unfair to Mr. Wilson, and therefore we give publicity to the substance of his reply.

With reference to the money borrowed from the solicitors, Mr. Wilson says the amount was not £700, but £500, and that this money was lent not to the Maritime Legal Aid Society but to the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union.

> It is true that when the original document was drawn up the money was to be lent by the solicitors to the Maritime Legal Aid Association. They preferred, however, to lend the money direct to the Union and hold the Union responsible. It is true that Mr. Morgan, of the Legal Aid Society, has signed the guarantee for the money to be returned, but the Union alone is responsible.

As to our suggestion that the Sailors' and Firemen's Union is impecunious, Mr. Wilson says:—

> It is perfectly true that for the last three and a half years the Sailors' and Firemen's Union has had the greatest possible difficulty to pay its way, but this is entirely due to the enormous litigation which we have been conducting, in connection with contraband of war cases, where a number of seamen were imprisoned in Hong Kong from many ships because they refused to run blockade when their agreement provided for a peaceful voyage only. We have won in every Court, and on Monday next we get the final decision of the House of Lords. In some of the cases we have had to keep men on shore for over eighteen months, paying them from 25s. to 30s. per week in order to keep our evidence together. The effect of this has been that all the money we could get together we have had to expend on the cases to keep them running. I think on Monday next the Lords will decide in our favour, and the whole of the money so expended will be returned, and I take the liberty of enclosing you our weekly financial statement. You will notice that the total income is £178 11s. 1d., and of this money £62 4s. 4d. was remitted to the General Fund. I do not think that a Union which can show a financial statement like that can be called a financial wreck.

As to the £500 being borrowed to meet Mr. Wilson's personal liabilities, Mr. Wilson writes:—

> In 1899 the sailors and firemen in Glasgow had a strike against a certain obnoxious Shipping Federation official. In my absence they issued a leaflet which was signed by twelve Committeemen. The Shipping Federation took no action against any of the twelve men who signed the leaflet, but they did take action against myself and Mr. Henson, the secretary of the Glasgow branch. Damages were given against Mr. Henson and myself; no claim was made for those damages to be paid during the six years I was out of Parliament; but on my return to Parliament, and after I had spoken in favour of the Merchant Shipping Bill and the extension of the Workmen's Compensation Act to Seamen, they then commenced bankruptcy proceedings against me, but never made any claim against Mr. Henson, my co-official, nor yet have they made any claim up till now, so I think I am justified in saying that damages were given against me in connection with my official position as the Head of the Union.

We unreservedly agree, and Mr. Havelock Wilson is mistaken if he thinks that the contrary has ever been suggested in John Bull. We have never doubted that Mr. Havelock Wilson's financial difficulties were due entirely to the fact that he was legally responsible for statements put forth (in his absence, as he tells us), by officials of the Society of which he is the official head. These liabilities must have been a great worry to him over a series of years, and we trust he is now nearing the end of his trouble with respect to them.

We note with pleasure the growing prosperity of the well-known dyeing business of Messrs. Johnson Bros., especially as the firm makes thoughtful provision for the intellectual and physical needs of its employees by the establishment of libraries, clubs, pension funds, etc.

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AN EPISODE.....WITH DOTS.

By Sydney E. Engleman.

I had realised what love was.....

How can I tell you what first attracted me to her? (Please do not answer, as I want to make at least a column out of this.) Her silvery voice, her magic laugh? It thrilled one as the blue skies, the golden sun and the glorious open country..... where it never rains but it pours. A fascinating voice—a voice to lure men from their cold, grey work merely to listen to its rich cadences. Tones deep and vibrant and mellow withal. (I am getting quite enthusiastic about it.) What wonder then I fell a victim to its spell?.....

Yes, it must indeed have been her voice.....

Her most remarkable voice.....(Note ye! the dots.)

Her face, it could not have been. Of a truth, I doubt if I knew what her face was like. One listened to her—that was all! She was fair maybe, or mayhap she was dark. It mattered little either way. I am not of those who fall an easy victim to a passing face; of a verity I am not. She was, perchance, most beautiful.....but this I cared not. Or her visage may have been as melancholy as Victoria Street on Sunday afternoon. Sufficient that I had heard her transform cold slabs of English words into liquid music. Ay! sufficient indeed. (Do you think I ought to put a few dots here?)

Her name, again, troubled me no whit. They could call her Penelope, or Circe or Euphrosyne; it could not alter my feelings toward her! As a fact, her name was Daisy—a detail which I came to know at a later period. A name that was redolent of charm and music, of laughter and of love. Daisy! The very air seems to whisper it. "Daisy," it murmurs to me, "Daisy".....and anon "Di'sy."

A day there came when I told her all that was in my heart.

"Darling," said I, with a gentle sigh, "dost know aught of love?" Her answer indicated that she desired further information ere she satisfied my curiosity. ("What next, indeed?" was what she actually said.)

"Oh! be not harsh," I implored, "I fain would tell you how I yearn for you. For you alone, my sweetest, you alone." She answered then she considered my condition was indeed a pitiable one. ("Sad case with you, then," were her honeyed words.)

"I would give my all, my little all, for but one sight of your dear features," I continued. She answered then that she was willing to.....gamble on the possibility of my so doing. Her words, "I bet you would," left no room for doubt on this score.

Nothing came of these friendly overtures.....and I still am without the chance of confirming my theories concerning the beauty of the lady who attends to the telephone at my Exchange.....

But her voice.....her dulcet voice.....It still is there.....

"THE POST OFFICE BABY."

Oh, haven't they work of their own to do,
  Letters to send and notes to deliver,
And why must the Post Office take on, too,
  The labour of filling the empty quiver?

It isn't quite nice when the smart rat-tat
  Means a sheaf of bills which require prompt payment,
But what if it meant that a lively brat
  Demanded attention and food and raiment?

Just fancy a fellow of blameless life,
  The victim of Post Office indiscretion,
Receiving an infant without a wife,
  And not even the sport of a prior transgression!

Or imagine the feelings of some old maid,
  An unkissed virgin of forty summers,
On op'ning a parcel, although prepaid,
  If she found there a triplet of small new comers!

Oh, stick to your stamps and your telephone,
  Send wires to the people of every nation,
But do leave our family life alone,
  And please don't start posting the population!

Balbus.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Holiday Season.

In most English households womenfolk are making ready for their annual departure to the sea, when it would seem as if they looked upon the thousand and one discomforts of the average watering-place as compensation for the work and fret of the year. The overcharges at hotels, the extortions of landladies, and, worst of all, the unattractiveness of seaside attractions, make holiday seekers declare that rather than endure these another time they will stay at home; but for all this display of resolution, next year finds them treading the same well-worn path.

Some Seaside Fashions.

Denizens of the most correct suburbs like nothing better when away than to throw off the garb of restraint which they have worn during the last fifty-two weeks. Consequently they flock to Dymchurch and such little known places where they can indulge their foible to their hearts' content. At such places are to be seen at this season of the year respectable mothers of very mature age parading the sands stockingless, shoeless, with hair down their backs, trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves. Their passion for this fortnight of unconventionality is such that the fashion for loose locks extends to their servant-maids, who with the advantages of youth on their side outstrip their employers in comeliness. Even unconventionality has its conventions.

A Seaside Danger.

While on the subject of holidaying, I should like to utter a protest and a warning against a certain and only too familiar feature of the seaside; this is the itinerant preacher, who makes the day hideous with his egotistical bawling. Why these folk should fix upon the sands for the propagation of their views passes my comprehension, that is if they are sincerely minded, whereas it would seem as if they were in competition with the masked musicians, bohemians and nigger minstrels who foregather by the sea. Many of these black-coated preachers make a very good thing from their collections and their habit of making children who attend their services subscribe sixpence a week for this privilege.

The Danger.

I should like to suggest to parents and others who have charge of little girls that they should exercise the utmost caution in leaving their charges under the temporary care of these preachers. Several of these have the most revolting physiognomies, and worse habits. Last year in Wales one of these preachers developed such a propensity for kissing and pawing pretty little girls that their indignant parents refused to allow their daughters to attend the services any more. It would be as well if the authorities of every seaside town made some enquiry into the antecedents of these gentry.

Saumon Mayonnaise.

Two pounds of cold boiled salmon, two lettuces, some sort of salad and salad dressing, and half a pint of mayonnaise sauce, would be found to make a sufficient dish for six hungry people. The lettuces should be well dried, and the outer leaves dipped in a little oil to form a foundation to the dish. Upon these lay, overlapping one another in a ring, some well-cut small salmon cutlets, while in the centre should be placed the remainder of the fish that has been well mashed with the sauce. The salad may be arranged about the dish as woman's usually excellent taste dictates.

Another good way, not only for salmon but also for almost tasteless fish, is to boil in a court-bouillon, which is made by putting a glass of chablis or any other light white wine, a sliced carrot, a few peppercorns, herbs, an onion, into the water awaiting in the kettle for the fish. This should be simmered together for twenty to thirty minutes, when the fish may be laid in. When the salmon is done, lift out and place upon a hot dish. A sauce, of which the following are the ingredients, should be poured over the whole: Put a dessertspoonful of herbs in a pan with half a pint of the court-bouillon in which the fish was cooked. Add a wineglassful of the white wine and half a pint of Allemande sauce. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and stir over the fire till just on the boil. Pour this sauce upon the waiting salmon, and garnish with tufts of horseradish.

We regret that, by an inadvertence, the letters "advt." got placed after a short editorial notice of the Craven Mixture in our issue of the 6th inst.

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"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

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See page 1.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Undesirable Entertainments.

What are desirable and what undesirable entertainments? This question, reduced to its simple elements, is as difficult of reply as the question of what are and what are not desirable foods or drinks. Yet it is raised acutely by the London County Council's decision to apply the time limit principle in the matter of the living statues, and indirectly by the demand for the abolition of the Alexandra Park Races (which bring in several thousands of pounds per annum to relieve the rates), and by the agitation as to sordid fiction. The only safe answer to these questions of undesirability or desirability is the old one: that one man's meat is another man's poison. The only wise public policy therefore in all such debateable matters must be based on liberty—on the liberty of grown-up people to pick and choose their entertainments in their own way. Suppression may encourage hypocrisy, it will never assist the cultivation of virtue. Besides, here again we get on to slippery ground, virtue being hardly more than an acquired habit, due to climate, education, and a dozen other influences from without.

Luck v. McDougall.

Therefore, personal freedom is the ideal to work for; given that we must trust to luck and the "commonsense of all." It may not sound much to trust to, but it sounds quite as safe as McDougall; and when tried it has been found invariably to tend in the essentially clean and healthy direction. Of course, the liberty to enjoy everything we like that does not hurt our neighbours would not carry with it an undertaking never to protest against things we did not like, even though some of our neighbours liked them. Indeed, such protest might become a duty at times—although we should stop short always of prohibition. I recognise the right of booking at theatre first-nights, but I should never book myself, whilst the door of the theatre was open for my escape. On the other hand I do not recognise the right of the Censor to prevent me (or any other person of 21 years of age) from paying to see any play I want to see, because he does not like it personally; especially when I can buy a copy of the play for less than the cost of a theatre seat. Thus may humbug be maintained, but no morals can be safeguarded this way, nor real art fostered.

Hunnable and Humbug.

There is a point, however, at which the decent citizen may well feel that strong action is needed, on behalf either of the victims of a particular amusement or the young people whose taste may be brutalised by its patronage. I feel always inclined to hoot when I see either mental or physical deformity exploited by any so-called entertainer. I sympathise therefore with the Holborn crowd that refused to accept from Mr. Walter Gibbons as part of their money's worth the imbecile cackling of Mr. Arthur Hunnable, of Ilford. Clearly this man is either a tedious mountebank, using what should be the serious occasion of a popular election to sell his publications by idiot claptrap and gutter clowning, or is suffering from a mild form of that disease of notoriety which in its severer forms afflicts the star tragedian and the bomb-throwing Anarchist: a disease fed horribly in these days by the sensation-hunters of Harmsworth, Pearson, and Tay-Pay papers. Likewise I shall be glad if our people—failing our music-hall managers—refuse to tolerate the Flume of Death, the latest horror promised us by the Yankee notion maker. This "amusement feature," as it is called, "involves a descent of 150 feet and a gap-leap of 12 feet from giant-curved tube to tube." Dummies were tried in it, and later a Chicago youth—feeling no doubt that the Inferno at its worst could be little hotter than the Jungle—has been risking his life in experiments with the Flume.

The Flume of Death.

Probably the prudes on the L.C.C. will allow the Flume on a London variety stage, if the Chicago youth be clothed decorously; but to me the whole thing seems infinitely less "desirable" than any living statue or the most impudent flaunting of the altogether. It is bad enough to sit round a ring and watch feverishly to see which rich man's motor-car will collapse first and break his neck, in a match that has at least a sporting basis; it is worse to sit in a music-hall and see a poor devil risking his life nightly to earn a livelihood. Most of the showy "dangerous performances" are not really dangerous at all; given science and condition in the performers. But in these sensations, of which the essence are mechanical engines, and the man or woman merely the fly on the wheel, danger cannot be overcome, unless at the cost of feeble trickery, if then. Let us get all the thrills out of life that we can, without obtaining them at the cost of the inevitable degradation of those who supply them. I do not ask the law or the administration to make these things impossible. I have faith that the London amusement-goers will do so. The case of the huge wild-beast show, to be opened at Olympia next Christmas, at which famous animal-trainers will appear, stands on a different ground to these displays of strapped women and whirling wheels. The Nimrods of the menagerie match eye and hand and nerve against the strength and cunning of their subjects. I do not care for such triumphs myself, having heard much of the revolting methods of some trainers of wild beasts, and having some sympathy for the beaten brutes behind their unending bars. Still, the thrill here has its excuse for seeking, and so that both practitioner and patron be of mature years I see no reason to frown upon it unduly. Wilson Barrett and Charles Warner are said to have snatched many souls from sin and drink. They have driven me to both ere this. But I respect the memory of Barrett as a good sort if a bad actor, and I do not desire to put down the inimitable Charles. It takes all sorts to make a world, and a very dull world it would be were we all virtuous after the same pattern, and there were no cakes and ale for those who like such things.

No English Need Apply!

I wonder is there really any need for all this taking of foreign names by English artists; does the English snob hate a good English name at the theatre or concert as dearly as he loves a lord; and if so, is the prejudice founded on a real foundation of more artistic service on the part of the Italian from Cork than John Smith of Oldham? The *Encore* makes an almost incredible suggestion when it asks "why a certain troupe of English acrobats should fail to get a series of engagements in this country unless they change their name and make it sound thoroughly foreign," the offender in this case, presumably, being himself an English manager. It is bad enough when English composers call themselves by Russian names—as one very well-known composer does—so as to sell their music; Irish singers pass as Italians so as to sell their voices, and Scotsmen and Welshmen become Germans or Tzigans temporarily to get better pay as bandsmen; the limit is reached when our athletes applying for English work in England are told that they must give Poland or Pomerania as their country of origin. Surely the label matters less really than these agents think, except perhaps at the Little Slocum Flower Show and similar functions. If I am wrong, it appears to me most regrettable; and the remedy seems hard to find. Of course, no wise man objects to the foreigner coming here if he can do something better than our own people, or something that we cannot do at all. But that John Bull should be told to hide in his own land because his own countrymen demand it is passing strange.

P.

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THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

XVI.—POVERTY ON THE CIVIL LIST.

In one of his political tracts—"Vivian Grey," I think—the Mystery Man, who was born Dizzy and died Dizzy, says that the disappointments of manhood succeed to the delusions of youth, and he adds, "Let us hope the heritage of old age is not despair." To which I have often said, and now I say again, "Amen." For I have been scanning the new Civil List Pensions, and my name is not there. Many a time and oft have I scanned similar lists to experience a similar disappointment. My name gets missed out every time, possibly by accident, but probably by design. Whenever I supplicate for the blessings of this life, it is understood between us that a pension is included in the prayer, though not specifically mentioned. But in vain. Not a bawbee comes to me, though I, too, am a literary gent of sorts, and also have no money. "Let us hope," as Dizzy says, "that the heritage of (my) old age will not be despair."

Burnand, late of *Punch*, in this latest List, is entitled to draw £200 because he is addicted to the smaller jests; Ouida £150 because her pretty Lifeguardsmen are known in every circulating library and most boudoirs; Mr. John Davidson £100 because he is Scotch and writes verses which it is reported several persons have read, and Mrs. Florence Hutchinson and Miss Annie Burns £100 "in consideration of the eminence of their grandfather, Robert Burns (also Scotch), as a Poet, of their advanced age, and inadequate means of support." That last phrase comforts me exceedingly. I know I shall never get a pension for having a grandfather who was a Poet; never, it may be, because of my advanced age; but if Civil List Pensions are to be granted because of inadequate means of support, then I feel I shall sooner or later be in luck. Even "Jim Crow" may have a chance of participating in the contents of the national cash box.

And it does appear as if the genial persons who are responsible for awarding these pensions do intend to establish the nobler precedents. For with a slight variation of phrase the qualification occurs over and over again. For instance, Mr. George Howell (that genial and consistent friend of Labour, now one of its neglected and all but forgotten gods), "in consideration of his writings and inadequate means of support," £50; the Rev. Canon Augustus Jessop, D.D., "in recognition of his services to archæology and literature, and of his straitened circumstances," £50; Mr. Charles Fullwood, "in consideration of," etc., "and of his straitened circumstances," £75; Dr. Charles Creighton, M.D., "in consideration of," etc., "and of his inadequate means of support"—and so on and so forth. Without a doubt, if I don't get a pension for my services to literature, one will come my way because I need the money. There was a time when the policeman on the beat used to run people in because they had no visible means of subsistence; now we are giving them pensions I hail the dawn of the new era. It is more decorous, more considerate, more regardful of the wants of the age to give people pensions than to run them in. It marks an epoch in literature and the arts. None who labours in the temples of the intellect need despair. With his services to the nation acknowledged by its rewards, with his straitened circumstances, or his inadequate means of support advertised free in all the penny newspapers, and most of the ha'penny ones, free of charge, he may front the world with joy unutterable making music in his heart.

I say I am overjoyed that inadequate means of support is one of the qualifications for a Civil List Pension. But when I am offered mine, I hereby warn the authorities that if one of the conditions is that I am to be more publicly humiliated than I should be if I applied for a parish dole, whether in cash or bread, pie or pudding, I shall decline the same without thanks. When a man takes a Civil List Pension it is understood that he is not rolling in riches. Let that suffice. Let the reward be his honour; his inadequate means of support is his hurt.

What would an ex-Minister of the type of Mr. Gerald Balfour, for instance, say if, on taking his handsome pension on going out of office, he found himself advertised in all the newspapers as being without adequate means of support? That he has to make a not dissimilar declaration is nothing to the point. The public know nothing of these *sub rosa* pensions granted to ex-Ministers. The declarations are not published. Sometimes they are not true. And these pensions granted to literary men and men of science should not be stigmatised by official declarations of the poverty of the recipients. These able men and women have either earned their right to a pension by their work, or they have not. To reward them with one hand, and cut them on the raw with the other, is to disguise a cruelty and call it an honour.

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Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
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The Electric Method *versus* The Drug Habit.

Remarkable Statement by Sir Frederick Treves.

The following quotation is taken from the *Morning Leader*, June 8 :—

"Sir Frederick Treves: I look forward to the time when people will leave off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they are sick.—At Preston."

That is, indeed, a startling statement. Isn't it worth a few moments' reflection by that vast number of the public who are accustomed to swallow pills and medicines of all sorts at the slightest sign of irregularities? It might also be studied by the doctors who are prescribing the medicine, and who know as little of the effect it is going to have as the poor sufferers who are taking it.

If a man or a woman is run down, he or she does not need medicine. It only forces the functions of the body to do something at the expense of another part. If the engineer finds some defect in the machinery, he does not attempt to force it. He finds out the cause of the defect, and remedies it.

Electricity is the element that is required. It is a potential part of every living thing in the universe. The development of muscle is greatly hastened and increased by its application. As Prof. Jaques Loeb says :—

"A part of the chemical energy of food-stuffs is transformed into electrical energy, which in turn gives energy to the muscles and organs of the body. Electricity, and not heat, is the life of the body."

To-day electricity is king, and science has proved that "Electricity is Life." Among the systems that have been devised the appliances that have been invented for serving electricity to the body, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery is the masterpiece. It compares to the old-style methods about as the motor-car compares to the old-time velocipede, and its price is reasonable and within the reach of all.

If you are suffering from lost vitality, nervous debility, weakness; if your digestion is poor, your liver is bad, your bowels are constipated, your kidneys are weak, and your back is lame, then you need Electricity.

John Bull readers are advised to write at once for the book, "Electricity The Road to Health." It is free, and gives much valuable information that will be worth a great deal to you. Address The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. A free test will be given to all who call at the office.—Advt.

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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours :—
That the Government is Liberal with the sugar.
That La Milo has a lot to bare.
That in consequence of the milk agitation, they call it the *Dairy Mail* now.
That the Peace Conference is discussing peace.
That America finds the Japanesey problem.
That it will be called the Dis-Order of St. Patrick in future.
That the attack on the Tobacco Trust will *not* end in smoke.
That "'Halve' time; change over" is the motto for the new Amateur Football Association.
That the Buckeye Daisies have *not* been well picked.
That Mr. Hunnable is still of a music-hall turn of mind.

"Hail, Sweet Summer," sang the poet. His request has been granted.

An American claims to be able to photograph the soul. We fear his results will be mainly in the negative.

According to the scientists, Mars is rapidly nearing the earth. Does it want to join in the Peace Conference?

"Fashion is a microbe," says Lucas Cleeve. Don't bacilli.

"Rain Stops Climbing," is an *Express* heading. It would be more to the purpose if it stopped falling.

More Odd Evens :—
Even a cork "pops."
Even marriage is a tie.
Even a clock goes on tick.
Even pencils have their good points.
Even an engine likes a puff.
Even toast is "done brown."
Even a tart gets "down in the mouth."
Even soap makes a clean sweep.
Even nuts are cracked.
Even a judge has his trials.
Even a fence gets pitched over.
Even a wheel has a felloe.
Even telegraph wires run current accounts.
Even a horse has "a bit on."
Even a watch gets "run down."
Even a brougham has its whoas.

"Alligators will soon be a thing of the past in Louisiana," says a Consular report. A startling alligation.

An American pastor has provided a church parlour where courting couples can meet, *under supervision*. Not good enough.

A motor-cab caught fire recently. It must have been "scorching."

"Fine Weather Promised. More Earthquakes," reads a *Mail* heading. Tastes differ.

Mr. Deakin, suffering from brain fag, is taking a rest. So is the public.

Sir Edward Elgar says the piano will soon become obsolete. Too good to be true.

The Rev. H. F. Tracey would like to see medical men preach. They prefer to practise.

The cost of electing the last London County Council was £11,325 2s. 6d. Not worth it, so far.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he.
"Fires in July!" he was heard to cry,
"An English 'summer' suits *me*!"

An Acton man, offered cold meat for dinner, threw it on the fire. He meant to make it hot for his wife.

"Nearly all men speak the truth," said Judge Willis recently. A very solemn-'un.

The vicar of Selston (Notts) preached from the church tower at the village feast. The sermon was over the heads of his congregation.

A Jersey man, separated from his wife, hurled a dynamite cartridge at the door of her house. He still wanted to blow her up.

A thousand pounds is to be spent on some municipal piggeries at Cardiff, and a Councillor declared that the municipal porkers would be far better housed than a good many citizens. Could there be anything rasher?

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"A Bit of a Rogue." (Nat Gould).

"Half a Rogue." (Harold MacGrath.)—In the first book, it is not at all clear which bit is described. In the second, taken on the whole, the rogue is too tricky by half, and allows his victims no quarter.

"The Grim Smile of the Five Towns." (Arnold Bennett.)—Why not have made a clean sweep of it, and called it the grimy smile?

"The Narrow Margin." (Annie Thompson).—The style is cramped, and the book altogether lacks breadth. It is easily skipped over..

Madame Clara Butt informs us that "more than once black cats have been mixed up with concerts." This explains some of those high notes.

Degrees have been given very freely of late. We suggest the following:—

Lord Rothschild—L.S.D.
George Robey—R-R., E-E.
La Milo.—O.I.C.
The Kaiser—K.N.
T. P. O'Connor—P.O.T.
Mr. Redmond.—O-T.N.
Mr. Hunnable.—A.J.
"Boss" Croker—G.G.
Raisuli—E.A-W.
Lord Burton—X.X.X.
Sir Thomas Lipton—T.POT.
The Prime Minister—X.L.C.R.
Mr. Zanzig—Q.T.

According to Mr. A. C. Benson, "we are put into the world to *be* rather than to *do*." Moneylenders and others please copy.

Scientists cannot understand the large sun-spot. Is it a boil?

Discussing the bad weather, an authority ascribes it to two moons. What does he drink?

It appears that the reports about the health of the Rev. F. Aked were Faked.

Miss Fannie Ward, "In the Bishop's Carriage," is on the road for a long run.

The excessive rain has caused the coping of a City Church to fall. There was no coping with it.

OHIO GIRLS IN LONDON:—

First Girl (at Tower of London, contemplating the axe and block): "Land snakes! It don't startle me any thet allt hem thar people ha' worn away the block an'....blunted the chopper.'

Second Girl (at St. Paul's): "My! If there war an arthquake an' yew war under thet dome I figger there'd be a bigger crush than at one of your Regent Street bargain sales."

Third Girl (in Piccadilly Circus): "Guess this air whar yew manufacture yewr piccallilly?"

Fourth Girl (at Westminster Abbey): "Waal, this must be about the swankest tombstone fer its size in all Yarrup. It's real good tew be alive tew see it."

Fifth Girl (surveying policeman at Mansion House): "Snakes, gurls, ain't he pie? The way he fixes up them thar vehicles makes yew wonder how often he gets run over."

Sixth Girl (at Guilhhall): "Ain't it elegant? (To Man from Cook's.) And this is reely whar yewr Lord Mayor gives away the turtle soup tew yewr monarchy an' nobility?"

Seventh Girl (at Smithfield): "Gosh! An' tew think the stakes are still here. Wharever yew go thar's meat."

(*Gurls left convarsin'.*)

"A stiff neck and an aching shoulder testify to the truth of my remarks on this head," says a gentleman who tells the *Daily Mail* all about the frightful draught at St. Paul's. But when he speaks of the "great congregation which filled the dome," we can understand what head he meant.

"Unlimited Lie-ability Companies" would be a better definition for some promotions.

SOME BOOK POSERS:—

What were "Never Too Late To Mend"? "Two Little Wooden Shoes."

What attracts "When a Man's Single"? A "Woman in White."

Why was he "Called Back"? To mind "Bootle's Baby."

What came out "When It Was Dark"? "Moths."

Where did they find "The Little Minister"? Looking after "The Heavenly Twins."

Why did he slip "Under Two Flags"? He was "Looking Backward."

What have to beware of "Dead Man's Rock"? "Ships that Pass in the Night."

HOLIDAY SUITS

Specialite:—

Flannel Reefer & Trousers to Order **28/6**
Flannel Suit Complete . to Order **35/-**
Lounge Suit . . to Order **37/6**
Trousers . . . to Order **10/6**

SEE WINDOWS.

Good Clothes and Nothing Else.

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1-2, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.; | 65-67, Gracechurch St., E.C.
242, Oxford Street, W.; | 66, Regent Street, W.;
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For comfort and speed in Shaving, no other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign—measures up to "Shavallo" in its special Ivorine Case—and "Shavallo" is British made.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

J. E. L. (Chingford).—Glad you like us and think us broad-minded. The photo of Jim Crow is well in hand, but it is a very big job. We wish, with you, that poor Charles Bradlaugh could still be with us. He was a truly great man, and had he lived the Liberal Party might to-day have been led by a very different kind of "C.B."

A. H. T. (Haverstock Hill).—Sorry we cannot spare the *Star* a biscuit for its slip about the Test Match, as our stock is running short. We will take an early opportunity of looking through Mr. Cohen's pamphlet about the Salvation Army and its work. Always glad to hear from you.

R. C. P. (Herne Bay).—Sorry we cannot send a representative down to you. Just think of the weather!

"Limerick" (Herne Bay) and others.—You will see we are dealing editorially with it.

H. P. (Hammersmith).—We are glad to have the other side of the matter, and are sorry if we have done the magistrate, Mr. D'Eyncourt, any injustice. Our letter was based entirely upon what appeared in the papers.

A. G. (London) calls our attention to what he considers a very excessive sentence of 12 months' hard labour passed by Mr. Justice Bray at the Bristol Assizes on a man named Phillips for writing an improper letter to a girl. It appears that the girl had consented to the prisoner writing to her, and that he misunderstood her character. We have no sympathy with the man, but 12 months' seems a bit severe.

W. H. C. (Rhondda Valley) is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Chamberlain. We wish we could give our correspondent some reassuring news about his hero's health.

"Tozafe" (Gunnersbury), C. H. W. (Acton), "Bert" (Basingstoke), L. M. F. (London, E.C.), and others write us suggesting a "Limerick" Competition on improved lines. We certainly should not think of running one under the absurd conditions now prevailing.

"Condy" (London) suggests we should award Mr. Swift MacNeill a biscuit for posing as the champion of etiquette. That, however, would scarcely be etiquette on our part.

C. G. (Highbury).—We agree that the *Star's* description of the Jarrow election as "a heavy blow to Tariff Reform" is funny from some points of view, but you must remember that three out of the four candidates were Free Traders.

W. (Crouch End) is not a Socialist, but a professing Christian (we hope a practical one also), and is indignant at the treatment of the Socialists in the matter of the Sunday School boycot. He wonders how much the Bishop of London paid the London County Council for the use of the bandstand at Finsbury Park for his demonstration. It is a pity all Christians are not as broadminded as our correspondent.

E. S. (London), after reading Mrs. Bull's recent reference to "Dogs and Dining," thinks it time the *Morning Post* and other society journals kept the public informed of the doings of my lady's canine pets, and suggests that some such pars as the following would be of interest:—

> Mrs. Strawbrain's "Rosebud" is suffering from an acute attack of overfeeding, and has left for Vichy.

We doubt not that many silly women would be quite willing to pay a guinea for the insertion of such a paragraph.

H. O. M. (Lee) asks why we do not keep on at the Salvation Army and Church Army, and wonders if we have been "squared." He also suggests that we should consult Mr. Sievier, now that he has been reinstated on the turf, as to the best thing to be done with the alleged racehorse "John Bull," prior to his being consigned to the catsmeat man. We have dropped the "religious" organisations mentioned because we thought our readers had had enough. As to the horse, we thought of forming a syndicate amongst our readers to take him over. Will H. O. M. have a share?

G. N. (London) objects to Crow's article on oaths. He admits that the arguments are "sound and logical," but urges that "convention has made swearing a bad practice. If anything is considered coarse," he proceeds, "you will please your readers by leaving it alone. One can be smart, satirical, and criticising and yet be comme il faut." We have often pointed out that we do not endorse everything which Jim Crow writes. But many readers like to have a fresh argument placed before them. It brisks them up and stimulates thought, even though they are not convinced. But *why* does G. N. swear at *us*? *Comme il faut*—that sounds very bad.

J. H-N. (Maidenhead).—We have already pointed out that Jessop could not have time to go through thousands of Limericks. So we are not surprised to hear that they are first sifted by *London Opinion* clerks. Jessop is evidently only a figure-head. We hesitate to pronounce upon J. H-N.'s claim to a prize, much as we should like to see him receive one.

U. 6d. (Mortlake) asks about Captain Foster (Camomile Street Chambers, E.C.), who offers advice about entering the merchant service and requires a fee of 3s. or 5s. The captain says quite frankly that he does not undertake to obtain appointments, but advice is always cheap. Ours is gratuitous, and it is to keep the shillings, as it is practically impossible to obtain such berths without being in some way known to the owners.

E. C. C. (Tilbury).—Surely different things may tend to the same goal. All roads lead to Rome.

K. M. B. (Loughborough).—We have had many inquiries about the Philsboro' Bazaar Lottery, and have thought that it was probably conducted fairly, assuming the competitors understood that large deductions were made for a charity. We suppose no one buys tickets of this kind with a strong hope of gain. The lottery is of course really illegal. K. M. B. certainly has a grievance when he fails to receive acknowledgments of money. But he must remember that Irish people are more happy-go-lucky than businesslike.

C. E. W. (N. Finchley).—We gladly lend our ear. Don't forget to return it. We don't send the right one, because it is too hot after your compliments. Don't lose the wrong ear, for we are too old to be stricken in ears.

"PUZZLED" (Woodbridge) sends a fine example of journalese from the *Daily Mail*:—"The premier English Duke arrived fairly early with the Duchess of Norfolk, who was dressed in pale ochre colour. The Duchess of St. Albans, the Duke of Atholl, and the Duchess of Roxburghe were all wearers of the strawberry leaves." He wants to know if this is the result of the living statuary craze. We suggest a fig for a strawberry.

A. H. (Canonbury).—We can't give biscuits for every bad pun. Besides, Dr. Northcliffe has had so many. No doubt Mark Twain did find the weather inclement. The joke would appeal to his type of pawkiness.

A. S. (Richmond).—Wir waren zu müde. Wir haben auch Berlin nicht sehr gern, "denn da verrückte sind." Prosit!

F. S. W. (Sheffield) has suspicions about Limerick competitions, which remind him of the old "missing word game." He says he must send us a short story, notwithstanding our announcement that we are full up. As it is very short, we absolve him. Here it is. An agriculturist saw an advertisement of live fish from Grimsby trawlers for 2s. 6d. with an invitation to "state requirements." He sent his half-crown, and required "a salmon, a few pairs of soles, a plaice or two, and a moderate sized halibut." The answer was that, if he would send 6d. more, he might have the trawler. Very fishy.

W. H. C. (Stoke-on-Trent) wants to know where he can obtain pieces of celluloid about 8 ft. by 2 ft., and whether, if exposed to the weather, they would be injured. He had better communicate with the Celluloid Company, Hale End, Essex.

"CYMRO" (Morriston).—We know nothing against Edward O'Brien, Limited, "The World's Largest Cycle Dealers," of Coventry.

"KENMUIR" (West Kensington) calls our attention to the fact that the Great Prize Scheme now being advertised by *Tit-Bits* consists of the distribution of certain premium bonds valued at 500 fcs. (£20) each, in regard to which the prospects of drawing a successful number are, of course, remote. Surely "Kenmuir" did not think *Tit-Bits* was seriously thinking of giving £24,000 away.

H. S. P. (Bristol) wishes to know whether Mr. Warner Oliver's hair treatment "is really any good." We have frequently explained that up to the present we have been successful in keeping our hair on, so that we are unable to give any personal testimony. Mr. Warner Oliver's advertisement must speak for itself. We have, however, received no complaints.

D. L. (Birmingham).—We hope your legal questions have been answered by now. Your other points shall receive our best consideration. You must remember, however, that we have to cater for all tastes.

"CONQUEST" (Kew) makes a strange suggestion. He wants us to get up a company amongst the readers of this journal, with the object of some day winning the Derby with a horse called John Bull. Does "Conquest," however, know that Derby horses have to be entered as yearlings—or does he suggest that we should insist upon buying the best two-year-old which may happen to be entered? We shall be glad to hear what our readers think of the matter.

"PRUDENT."—The publishers are Messrs. Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

R. H. C. (Kirton Holme).—Always glad to have the views of our readers. We think our political criticisms have been thoroughly impartial, but of course we are all democrats nowadays. As regards financial advertisements, we only take them after strict inquiry and subject to the condition that they will be at once discontinued in the event of any unfavourable information coming into our possession.

H. Z. (Chingford), A. H. (Hoxton), H. G. (Oakley Square), E. F. (Stamford Hill), and others.—Thanks for very interesting specimens of "Art in the Papers," but we will give the feature a rest for a little while. Readers of JOHN BULL like a variation.

A. W. (Maidstone).—Thanks for cutting re Arnold and Butler. We are keeping our eye on all these things.

S. J. W.—Much obliged for newspaper cutting.

"JOHN-BULLITE" complains that on Saturday, 29th June, during the drenching rain, the commanding officer of the East London Royal Engineers, Colonel Cohen—comfortably protected by a mackintosh—called his men out and drilled them for three-quarters of an hour, with the result that they all got wet through. Does he suggest that mackintoshes should have been handed round?

B. M. S. (Peterborough).—We have no desire to badger Prebendary Carlile—but we have our duty to do. And we mean to do it.

A. F. A. (Richmond), whilst an enthusiastic supporter of our journal, objects to the "desecration" by our advertising boards of the neighbourhood of Basingstoke. Our own view was that these particular advertisements improved the landscape.

"WEE MCGREGOR."—Does it belong to the Northcliffe stable?

Drink and Enjoy

LIPTON'S TEA

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Tea Merchants

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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THE
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

G. C. (Harrogate) sends an example of dog Latin.

A. B. (Horsham) declares we are an infallible cure for the pip, and allows himself three copies a week. He sends us the reports of two cases—one of two months for stealing two loaves, and another of a duke's acquittal for motoring too fast. But the duke denied his offence, and the other man had made a practice of stealing.

H. H. C. (Aberdare) says "gardeners should to Botany go, shoeblacks to Japan." All right, let them.

"BLOKE IN A SHIP" (Hamburg) comments on the new Shipping Act, which authorises a new fireman or trimmer to demand to see the cook's or steward's certificate of efficiency. We commend the idea to Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

"COMMERCIAL" (Forest Gate) objects to the use of the boycot by the daily papers. He says the *Telegraph* reduced Mr. Hunt to four lines when he criticised Mr. Balfour, and the *Daily News* ignored Mr. Ivor Guest when he criticised Mr. Haldane. The party machine grinds exceedingly small.

G. H. W. (New Brighton).—In this hurried age, newspapers often describe functions before they have taken place. The practice is known as hustling.

T. B. P. (Derby, N.W. Australia) has had some unpleasant experiences of Australians. He went to investigate a horse disease, which no one had been able to tackle for years, and he was promised £5,000 if he could find a cure. He did so, but could not get paid. Then he found some copper leads and was promised £500, but he allowed some one else to put in the claims and accordingly received nothing. Now he has got a gold reef, but he does not want to trust Australians again, and would prefer to find capital in England. Does this interest any of our readers?

"DUBIOUS" (Plumstead).—We are dubious, too. Firms who palm off "libraries" are not usually anxious to take them back. Our birthday passed off very well, thanks, for we have a strong head.

"GRETNA" (Llanelly).—You have no remedy, as the word "reasonable" is ambiguous. But what did you expect? We agree that you ought to have had an answer.

A. A. (St. John's Wood).—Why worry about trifles?

A. M. F. (Fulham) subscribed for three years to *Horner's Weekly* because it promised a "great insurance scheme," which has since been abandoned. So now he is hornered. We confess we don't think much of the editor's explanation.

"VISITOR" (London) says certain restaurants warn customers against tipping, but leave the waiters to depend on tips. We suppose that the philanthropic waiters would not wait if they were not satisfied.

P. W. M. (Streatham) sends a limerick about the Mikado saying we are "at liberty to publish it." We are still at liberty.

"RAVEN" (Birmingham).—Orby d—d!

"FAIR PLAY" (Leeds) is a suffragette who accuses us of shuffling in a manner "worthy of the Home Secretary." But we never argue with ladies. We merely bow and turn the conversation.

"OBSERVANT" and E. K. (Clapton) send two cuttings from one issue of the *Daily Mail*, each describing the same accident in different words. Lord Northcliffe, D.N., evidently agrees with "The Hunting of the Snark": "What I say three times is true."

S. H. M. (Plaistow).—Fine writing, but a bit above our heads.

A. E. C. (London, S.E.).—If you will send us your Monte Carlo system, we will give you our candid opinion.

"ORCHARD" (Wisbech) tells us how a friend of his delights in swindling cheap jewellery firms. This is very wrong, but "Orchard" is kind to ask Jim Crow to come and "fill his beak when the fruit is ripe." What about Jim's crop?

W. D. S. (Anerley).—Many a man has made worse mistakes than that.

"AURELIUS."—Pater certainly had some queer friends.

E. St. J. F. (Florence).—Alas, we can't afford to buy books of poems.

"WELSHMAN" (Truro) objects to the insurance office phrase about providing against death. Why?

S. J. (Cardiff) encloses Feldman's (57, Plantagenet Street, Cardiff) advertisement for canvassers, but we must have particulars before we criticise.

J. D. J. (Wrexham) sends advertisements offering berths on ocean liners, and says that people who send 2s. only receive a list of steamship owners, "which any fool can find out for nothing." He also objects to certain sentences for fraud, but a man who makes reparation deserves to get off more lightly than a man who does not.

J. T. (West Hartlepool).—We know nothing against the Mount Sion (Waterford) Bazaar Lottery, if you are in a charitable mood—except, of course, that it's illegal.

"FARNHAM BULLITE" has been disappointed in "bargains" advertised in the papers. We fear he will find it difficult to recover his money.

"CROW JIM" (Penygroes), F. M. (Battersea), "New Reader" (Battersea), W. H. R. (Liverpool), C. L. C. (Liverpool), and others write about the John D. Macdonald Watch Company, the London Premium and Tea Company, etc. We refer them to nearly all our back numbers. We can't go on slaying the slain for ever.

"SUBSCRIBER" (Westmeath).—We believe Zubeir is dead, but are not quite sure.

R. P. (London).—Apply to the Secretary, Board of Trade, Whitehall, who will doubtless furnish you with all particulars of the qualifications required of a lady factory inspector.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

£2,685 made last Week.

In last week's daily and weekly newspapers we said:

£6,280 Paid Away,

£1,494 made in Ten Days,

£505 Paid in One Day.

To-day we have to chronicle an even greater success, as thousands of pounds have been actually paid away since we advertised our booklet, "The Science of Money-Making." We do not make this statement without giving every reader the opportunity of challenging it.

Here in these offices we have the original cheques paid through our clients' bankers, and certified by a well-known firm of London chartered accountants. We, furthermore, offer £1,000 to anyone who can prove that either of these cheques has been paid for printing, postages, salaries, wages, advertising, or for any management expenses, and our books, ledgers, and cash books are open to the inspection of anyone, client or otherwise.

"The Science of Money-Making" does not boast; it proves. It does not imagine; it testifies. It does not state false evidence; it bears witness to undeniable truth. It is not a fascinating book, dashing into wild flights of imagination; it is a cold, matter-of-fact, business work, written in a plain ungarnished style for men who wish to succeed in life—men who want to make money for themselves and those who follow after them. It has been described as a "take-it-or-leave-it" book.

No fanciful pronouncement as to the public rushing after it in tens of thousands has ever been made. In fact, it is a book people do not go mad over. It is not for the fiction reader, the person who is contented with thinking and reading of millions, talking of thousands, yet satisfied with making but a few pounds a week; it is for earnest, ambitious men and women. *To them it costs nothing.* Four men who read it made £734. Three did so, and reaped £655. Two who perused it placed £454 to their credit. One sceptical man made £252. One hundred and twenty-five men and women found that reading this book had put £4,786 into their pockets in a very few weeks. No imagination, anticipation, probability, or possibility here—one can have sworn testimony.

No charge is made for this "success-in-life" book. *It is even posted free.* It is worth reading, for it has been the means of putting thousands of pounds into the pockets of people who never dreamed that it was possible to make money so easily. The book proves every statement it makes; it never asserts anything for which it cannot produce incontrovertible testimony. Get this book at once; it costs nothing. You will find it worth more than a whole library of books, if you value it solely from a money-getting point of view. Here is the address. Send at once whilst you are thinking about it. Pens and ink are handy; a halfpenny postcard will do. You may never have such another opportunity. Write to Room 48, Issue Department, The National Share Exchange, 22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

A Fact.

The maddest of horses are invariably quiet in the dark.

The Sire of the Colony.

The Greenlawns seem to win nearly everything in South Africa.

They Won't Go.

How many horses can truly be called "good-looking thieves"?

"The" Bibury Club Jockey.

Mr. George Thursby is practically the only gentleman riding with and against professionals on the flat.

The Act Doesn't Act.

Despite our far-seeing legislators, everybody is "punting" just as merrily—and just as much—as in 1906.

Very Complete.

In the summary of racing fixtures in the Colonies they give the date upon which the nominations close, the weights appear, and the forfeits are to be made.

Now, Considering the Public.

How often have I made suggestions regarding popularising Newmarket only to get into trouble thereby. But it is gratifying to see the Jockey Club, the railway company, and all concerned, are continuing their recent endeavours to make the turf headquarters what it should be, and a really public rendezvous, which it certainly isn't!

Unlikely to take.

The 1½ miles Regulation Plates at almost every meeting are an utter failure, one horse such as Land League this season being a successful "pot-hunter" in them. But it is not only that, for what owners are likely to enter, run, and especially back their horses against some such paper certainty, only to probably make a good race of it, and then immediately be treated accordingly in future handicaps? As a fact, the races are almost invariably "qualifying" events for all but the favourite.

The New "Welsher."

There has been a general complaint of late from those attending racecourses regarding the great prevalence of welshers. Plenty who went to Epsom know it, and the great dodge is not to run away and run risks, but profess to be "cleaned out," and to give a name and address, with a promise of remitting on the morrow. In some cases a trifling payment has been made, or the original stake returned. Yet the same men are betting in another ring, or not far from the same pitch, again the next day, and playing the same game.

"Regulars."

Whatever the racing or the *venue*, there would always be a certain number of people at a race meeting. They are termed the "regulars," otherwise the "needy and the greedy," who go racing all the season round, year after year probably, in the main, by way of business, and therefore they become callous to the surroundings. The pleasure-seekers pure and simple, however, are naturally fine-weather sportsmen and women, and therefore when one does desire to go racing as a pastime, it is all the more enjoyable to do so in the gloriously fine weather associated with Lingfield last week-end. The sport fell somewhat tame each day, and the results were not always as speculators would desire, but you cannot beat Lingfield for prettiness or gaiety, and, besides, being a race gathering, Mr. "Bob" Fowler might just as well issue invitations to attend his Rose Show. Truly, "everything in the garden of Lingfield was lovely."

Leger Winners.

It would be a curious, but very probable fact, if the two runners for the Lingfield Park Plate should both, in the fulness of time, prove to have been St. Leger winners—for Troutbeck scored last year, and Wool Winder is pretty sure to do so two months hence. The horses themselves are exact opposites—Troutbeck, a very bloodlike, peacocky little horse, all quality and dash, while Wool Winder is a big, heavy, somewhat cumbersome bay, powerful, lazy, and plain-looking.

Come On.

All owners realise, though perhaps they don't quite appreciate, how some horses can train off much easier and much more emphatically than others "come on." Taking a very recent case in point, there are the two juveniles, Jim Crooks (the Dum Dum colt) and the Campag colt, who, at the previous month's Lingfield meeting were only divided by a head when fighting it out for second place—and the Campag colt was probably unlucky to be the inferior that day. The same two horses met again last week, and at the same weights and over the same distance, with the result that one won cleverly with the other a dozen lengths behind. The reason is that the winner had only run once since and was fresh and well, while the little chestnut, having had a severe time and several races, had gone right off. Until he has had a rest and pulls round, the Campag colt will assuredly get worse and worse every time he competes.

One May, t'other Mustn't.

If an owner or a trainer makes a mistake in declaring colours and weights—or omits to do so—he is fined the inevitable sovereign—of which many hundreds must be so garnered by the turf authorities during a season. Yet what penalty do the authorities themselves suffer when making the egregious mistake of publishing Dinneford's weight wrongly, by including a 5lb. penalty, in last week's issue of the *Calendar* containing the Liverpool Cup acceptances? Weatherby's would fine others, but for themselves they are like the ancient tradition of the emperor who "can do no wrong."

Consistency.

It pays very much better to have a consistent and lucky moderate horse rather than a really good one. Such as Land League, Cuffs, and other continual winners, do very much more to please an owner and popularise his colours than a tip-topper with whom the high hopes are never quite realised. The end is to exactly find out a horse's game—and to keep him to it—backed up by common sense, and a policy of not flying too high. Where owners make the biggest mistake is that they invariably overrate their thoroughbred possessions, and with moderate horses go out to win in rather too high company, thereby getting shown up and beaten. The "little fish are sweet" practice is very much more sensible, and even to betting owners, surely to win at 6 to 4 is better than being beaten at 20 to 1.

Variegated Records.

Our big, or valuable, races—even Derbies—fall in turn to very good, very middling, and very moderate horses, for there are lean years in racing, and at everything. Take Lingfield's two valuable stakes of last week-end—won respectively by Wool Winder and Little Flutter, both long odds on and both Halsey's mounts. Such winners are very much above the average of the horses to whose credit stand those substantial stakes. But most of the animals who picked up the £2,000 sov. stake—as predecessors to Wool Winder—have been of very poor calibre, and subsequently did nothing at all. It has been rather different with those which will in future preface the name of Little Flutter on the records, for Polar Star won the Foal Plate twelve months back, and previously to that, the subsequent Derby winner, Spearmint, scored, and a year earlier the grand sprinter, Thrush. Of the others, however, every winner since the institution of the Stake in 1896 has practically been a plater—as instance such names as Arabi, Vittel, Juvence, Sevillanus, and Doochary, who was even a selling handicap race performer, and a maiden at that.

Now Ready,

The most vivid racehorse portraits ever produced.

MINTAGON (G. TRIGG Up.)
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the respective popular winners of the

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

The joint photo bears each jockey's autograph and is a reproduction in fac-simile colours equal to hand-colouring.

A Signed Portrait of

"LARRY LYNX"

The writer of these notes is added.

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From the Publisher, "John Bull,"
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Horses for Courses.

Although in the very lowest sphere of class there has perhaps never been a stronger instance of the partiality of certain animals for certain courses than the case of Van Voght, who had to wait until Lingfield came round again last week-end to win again since her success in the identical stake twelve months earlier. Previous to that, moreover, Van Voght had won four times over the Lingfield track, while she has also scored there over a country, and it may be said—anyhow, for the past four or five years—that she wins nowhere else. For a very ancient mare who has been at every game for many a season, her freshness and retention of some speed is astounding. When well she is certainly better at plating on the flat than when jumping fences in selling steeplechases—a game which she would not take kindly to. Hats off to veteran Bill Pullen upon his skill in dealing with Van Voght; may she win again now that she is his own property.

Pests.

Everybody, except the few nuisances themselves, was delighted to find that the Lingfield executive have taken a firm hand, and at their recent meeting suppressed all the tick-tack operators. To serve their own purposes, and those of their accomplices in the other enclosures, these folk act like demented men to those unacquainted with their habits, and by their rushes create great inconvenience in the crowded rings. Many a visitor, unprepared, is nearly sent flying when they make their mad scampers to different points of vantage. Having started, I hope Lingfield—and the executive—will next show an equally strong hand as regards the different bookmakers' runners (who similarly turn the rings into football scrimmages); induce the bookmakers to spread themselves out more, so as to make more room and less hindrance to their own business—and then, finally, see that the police do exclude from the trains, etc., and all approaches to the racecourse, the thoroughly well-known card-sharpers, who are to be seen day after day boarding the race trains and carefully "guarding" carriages or attracting prospective "mugs."

The Cobham Stud.

This famous thoroughbred breeding establishment, where so very many "cracks" have been reared, reaches its majority in annual auctions under its present régime next Monday. The feature of a full mixed catalogue will be the submission of several yearlings by Collar—with Santry, En Garde, Cornstalk, and Arizona, the chief stallion at the haras. The young stock of Collar have been doing famously of late in several countries, and that they stay the many victories of Cuffs show. Frank Gill, a three-year-old by him, is the best horse in America, and as the horse was full last season, and almost so already at almost double the fee for next, there is bound to be competition for his stock. Useful sires, mares, and young stock of every calibre will also be offered.

Prophetic.

The Liverpool Cup is not very far off, and yet is not likely to lead to much ante-post speculation. What looks like winning is the unpenalised Dinneford, who, however, will be at a very short price, and I should prefer to back

LADY HASTY

EACH WAY, for she undoubtedly ought to have won the Oaks, and in the handling of a good 6st. 11lb. jockey must fight out the finish. In the minor races of the near future, SANCY is, of course, a practical certainty for the Eclipse Stakes, while at Esher COFFERDAM must not be missed in to-morrow's Victoria Handicap. TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD should win either Saturday's Warren Handicap or his race next Monday at Leicester; and Cofferdam, too, might be held in reserve for Windsor next Wednesday.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

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HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE HAIR.

Remarkable Free Offer Made to Readers of "John Bull."

HOME BEAUTY CULTURE FOR ALL.

The woman with beautiful hair is the woman who is always the centre of attraction, and, it must be said, the envied of her sisters. The man who keeps his hair in health, and possesses a full share of this natural adornment, is the man whom all his fellows admire. There is no question that in the matter of personal appearance the hair plays an important part, for, putting the case in the reverse light, as soon as the hair begins to fall from the head, loses colour, or becomes broken, an appearance of age is at once given to the face. Once these facts are appreciated by most people, the one great trouble is to know how to keep the hair in health and beauty, and when it loses its pristine freshness, how to restore the same, and what preparations to use for this purpose.

It is really quite painful to think of the many absurd ideas that people have in regard to the hair. Although this is the most delicate part it is subject to the most serious ill-usage. Preparations are applied to the hair which are not only useless, but, unfortunately, in many cases, exceedingly harmful. Occasionally we hear friends recommending amongst themselves grandmotherly ideas and recipes that have for the basis of their utility simple superstition.

There is, however, a greater trouble than this, and that is the modern concoctions that enterprising people, with no knowledge of this complex subject, but nevertheless backed by money, are endeavouring to force on those whose misfortune it is to suffer from hair troubles. It is, of course, difficult for the average person to choose a hair tonic that can be relied upon, and the only test on which the choice can be made is that of public appreciation and recommendation by usage.

"THE TESTIMONY TO HARLENE."

There is no question that the most popular of hair tonics of the present age is "Harlene." Used by all classes of Society, from Royalty downwards, it has held with striking success the supreme place it gained so many years ago in the confidence of the public. For nearly a quarter of a century "Harlene" has been used, and the testimony that has been called forth is of such a nature as to render it really valuable. When we find that the crowned heads of Europe have taken the pains to personally recommend its use among their friends, confidence in its merits must be established.

The proprietors of "Harlene" have decided that there shall be given an opportunity for every person, no matter in what station or class of life, to test without any cost or without the imposing of any obligation, the merits of "Harlene."

As the best method of doing this, they have decided to send, free of charge, a special free trial bottle. This special trial bottle will easily show the effect of this preparation on the hair, and the proprietors of "Harlene" feel confident that there are many classes of people to whom this offer is of special value, introducing to them, as it does, a natural and valuable hair tonic, which if persevered with will serve to remedy the most serious hair ailments.

"Harlene," unlike many of the so-called curative preparations placed on the market, is a hair tonic of real value, and has been recommended for use by medical men. Its effect on the hair is almost instantaneous, and even a few applications will serve to restore the natural beauty and healthy condition. In cases of baldness, "Harlene" stands without rival as a restorative agent, and in cases where practically every vestige of hair has disappeared, after the use of this tonic new hairs have been seen to grow. In cases of dry scalp, dull hair, greyness, and falling hair, it can be safely recommended to all that "Harlene" is the most valuable preparation to use.

THE SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

It is the earnest wish of the proprietors of "Harlene" that every reader of JOHN BULL shall take an early opportunity of writing for the special free bottle. All applications should be addressed to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95–6, High Holborn, London, W.C., and with each letter, giving name and address, three stamps must be sent to cover cost of return postage to any part of the world, mentioning name of this paper (foreign stamps accepted), or if called for at the Co.'s offices, no charge will be made.

Already several thousands of applications have been received for these special free trial bottles; but the proprietors are continuing their splendid offer, in order that every man and woman may be enabled to check any hair trouble from which they might be suffering. This opportunity of obtaining hair treatment free is quite unique, and certainly reflects great enterprise on the part of the inauguratora.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that "Harlene" is stocked by all chemists, and is sold in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. There is, however, no need to purchase right away, for, as stated above, it may be tested free. The proprietors of "Harlene" are naturally proud of the many unique testimonials they have received as to the value of their preparation. Perhaps the most important is that of Dr. George Jones, who says:—"I have examined and practically proved that 'Harlene' is not only an excellent grower, but is also a preventive against the loss of hair from falling out, and produces a luxuriant growth by continued application."

It may be mentioned that, in addition to being a tonic restorative, "Harlene" is a toilet luxury that all will appreciate. It is pleasant to use, and combines with its tonic properties a delicate, cooling sensation and healthy fragrance. Whilst once again urging readers of this journal to write for the special free trial bottle, a strong word of caution should be given against neglecting the troubles that affect the hair. Indeed, many a bald head could have been avoided by a little careful attention in early life. "Harlene" is no trouble to use, and it is not obnoxiously greasy. Indeed, its users say that the morning application of "Harlene" is a delight they would not miss. A personal visit at the Head Offices of Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 95–6, High Holborn, London, W.C., will obviate the postage expense, for if the special free trial bottle is called for, no charge whatever is made. This offer of a special free trial bottle may be accepted by any person in any part of the world.

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